VOL. CCXVIII, No. 2844
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The Schweppshire Way of Life

6. GUARANTEED BIRD-WATCHING

The naturalists of Schweppshire have long led the world in bird-watching, spider-watching, dandelion-watching and in fact watching. The time came, of course, when there were more watchers than watched; more naturalists than nature. Since what we have to do simply is really watch, Schweppshire did not allow etiquette or the old-fashioned shibboleths of the game to prevent them from providing an easy answer to this difficult question.

Because the watching of birds is, if possible, more O.K. than anything else, we provide the birds. But as live birds are usually difficult brown smudges which dart across the eyes before they can be seen, and since all look almost exactly alike anyhow, our birds are (a) dummy and (b) impossible not to tell apart. See above three decoy ducks floating alone on a Trust Pond in a Schweppshire Ornithological Union Sanctuary. Look again at the rolling sand dune which now you will see, perhaps, is a large piece of ordinary undercarpet cleverly camouflaged. Beneath it, how many watchers can you see? On the left, is Max Nicholschweppes making notes on the lack of movement observable through a periscope. Next is Eric Schwosking, capturing an unforgettable moment of unwild life. Peter Schwott, of Schwevern Wildfowl Trust fame, identifies with the help of his own identification book, the identity of the bird marked with an arrow, which is, of course, the bird marked with an arrow. Observing through binoculars are observers.

In the inset, Ludwig Henn records on the spot, after an eighteen-hour vigil, the typical squeaks of an actual weathercock.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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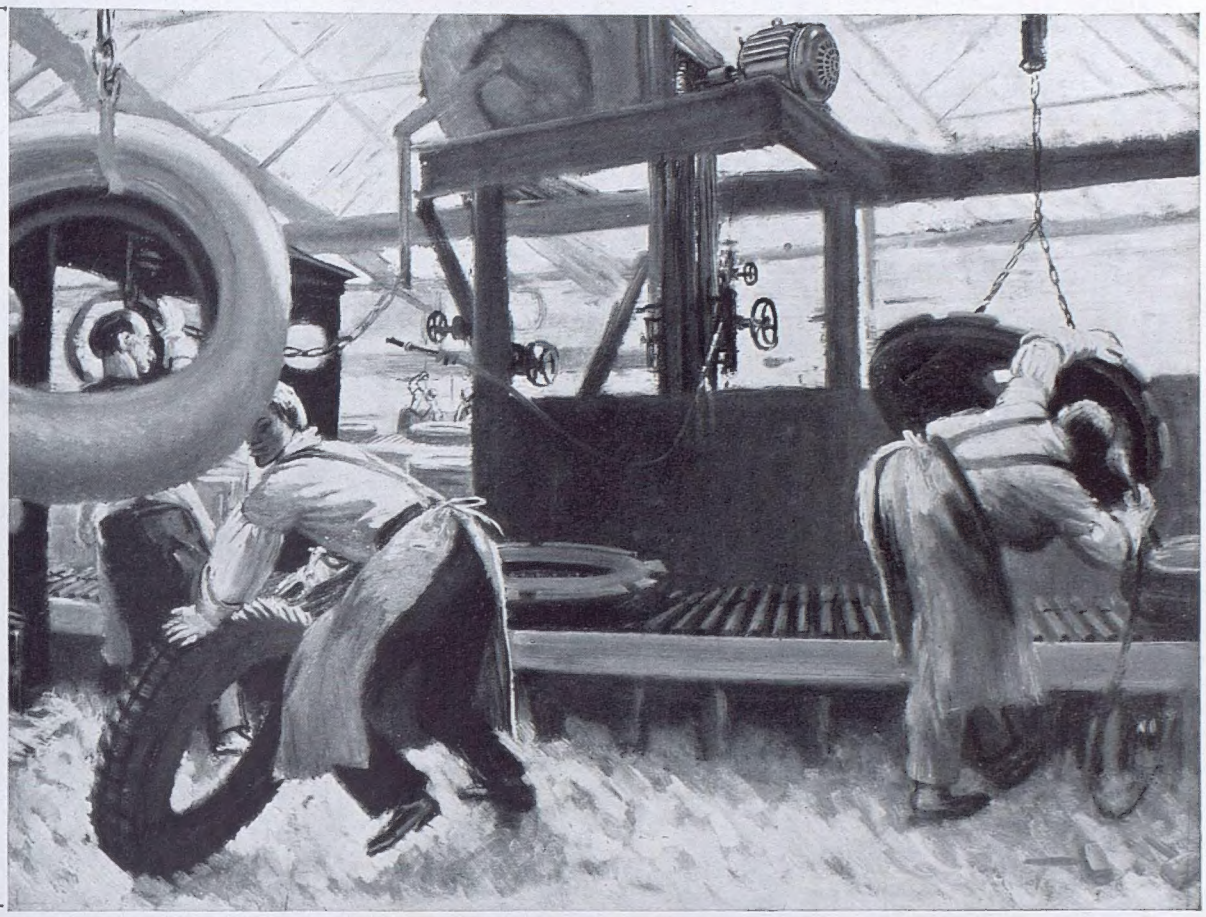

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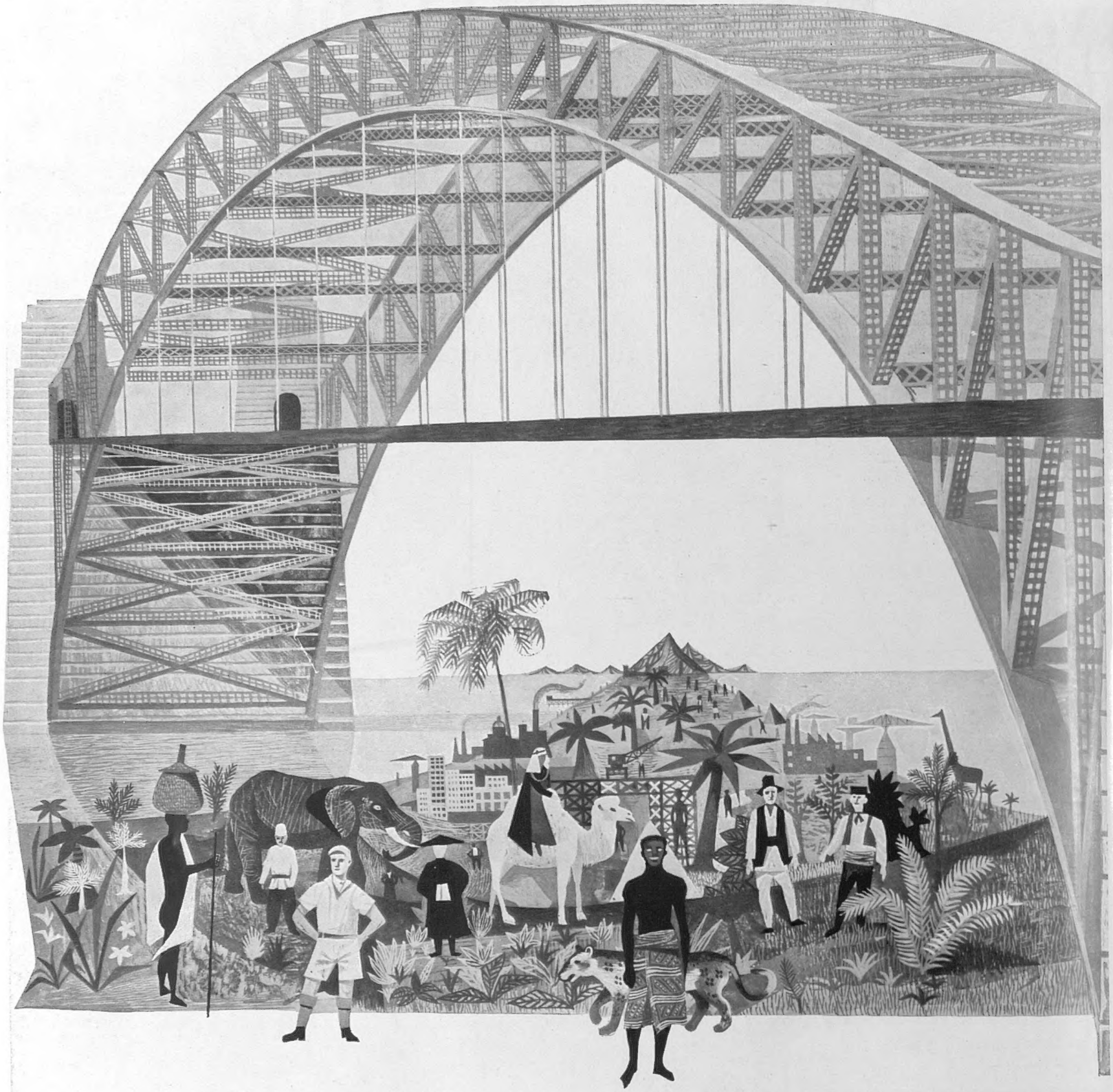

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British steel leads the world

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

S.79

Volume CCXVIII No. 2844 The SPHERE, London, August 14, 1954

The SPHERE
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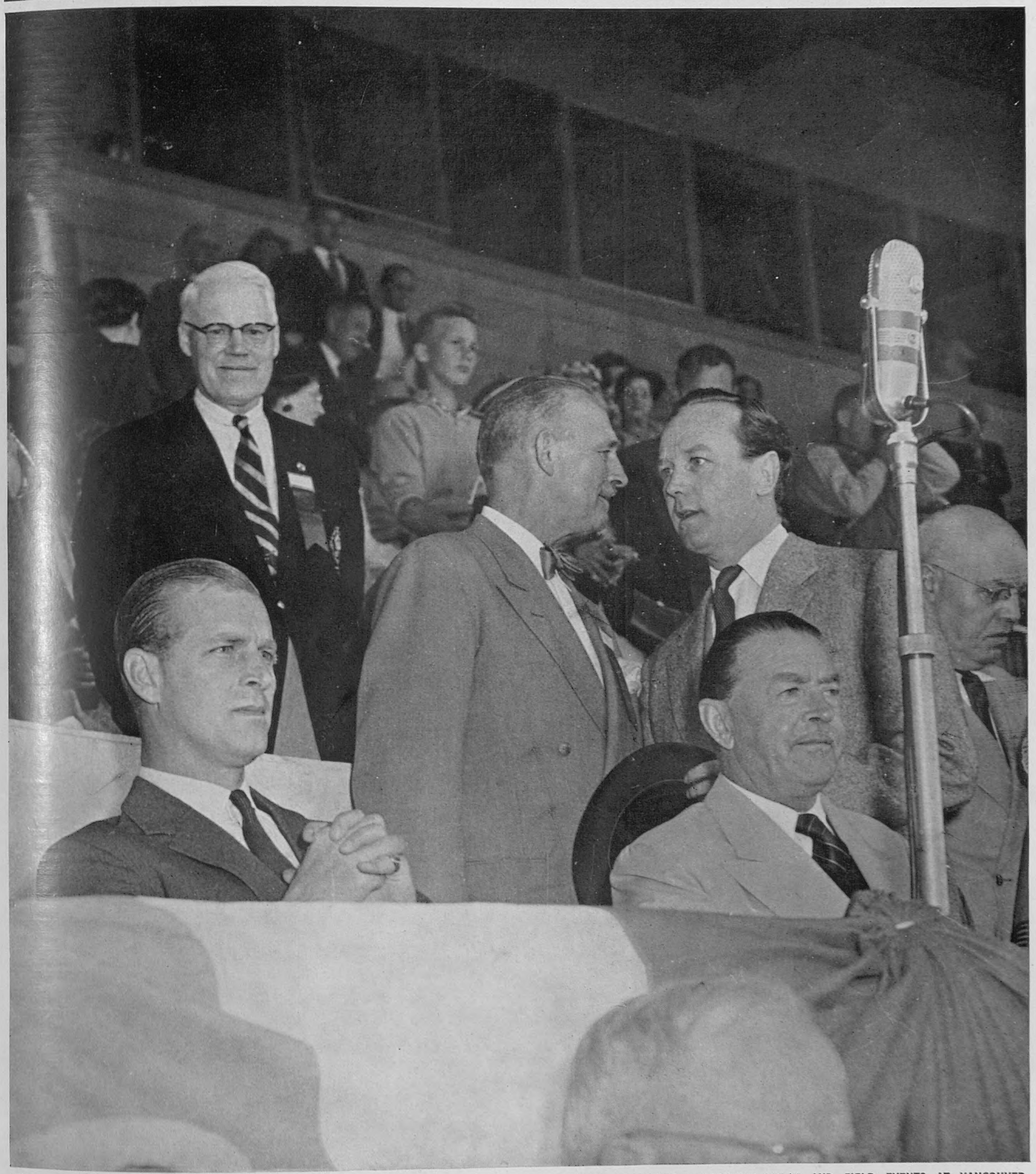


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE EMPIRE GAMES—HE IS SEEN IN COMPANY WITH EARL ALEXANDER, WATCHING TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS AT VANCOUVER: The Royal visit to Vancouver coincided with the last days of the Games, and the Duke was present at the Empire Games Stadium when Roger Bannister won the mile race in 3 mins. 58·8 secs. The Duke is due to leave Canada in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* early next week, after his three-week tour of the country.

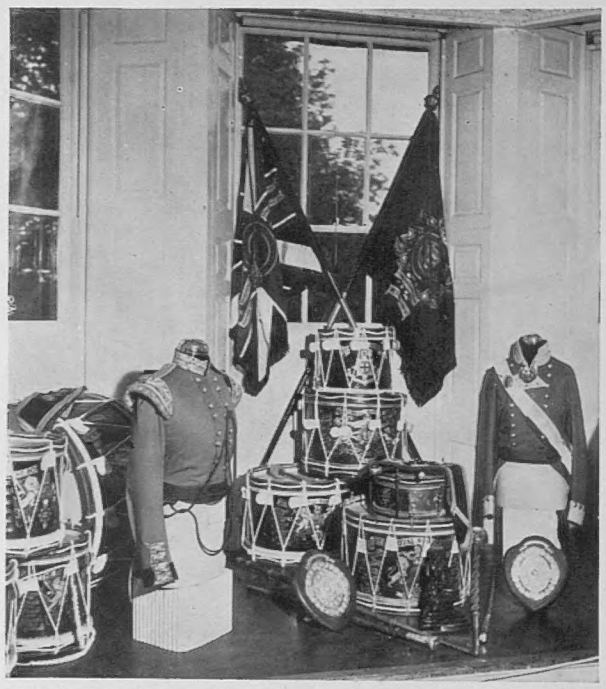
Last week-end the Duke of Edinburgh was present in the Empire Games Stadium in Vancouver, British Columbia, when Roger Bannister, of England, beat the world-record holder, J. M. Landy, of Australia, in the final of the mile race. His Royal Highness spent several days at the Games and was accompanied by Earl Alexander, a former Governor-General, who performed the opening ceremony, and by Sir Arthur Porritt, Chairman of the British Empire Games Federation. Athletes from all parts of the British Commonwealth and Empire gave the Duke a warm welcome.

The visit to Vancouver formed part of the Duke's twenty-day informal tour of the country and took place at the end of the stay on the west coast, prior to the journey into Canada's far north to Port Radium and Coppermine. Earlier, the Duke had visited the Aluminium Company of Canada's great project at Kittimat, and Kemano, in N.-W. British Columbia. It was not until the Duke arrived at Vancouver that he attended the first big official reception of the tour. Further pictures of the Duke's tour appear on page 234 ; and a pictorial report of the Empire Games is given on pages 230–31.

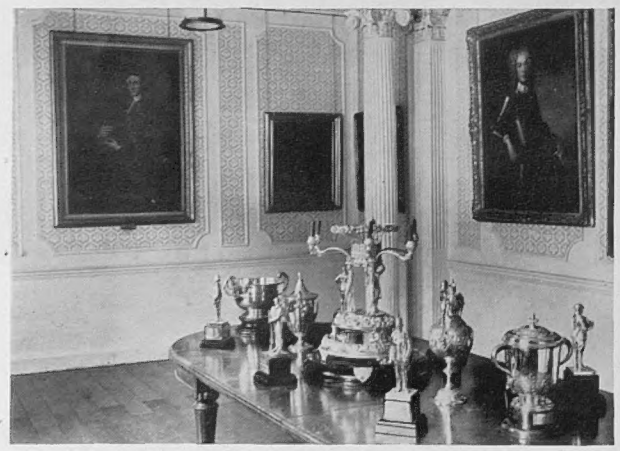
Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A REGIMENT'S HISTORY

THE SETTING FOR THE EXHIBITION PORTRAYING THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT: The Towner Art Gallery, Borough Lane, Eastbourne, where relics of the Regiment are on view until August 29. Exhibits include old uniforms (some of them 200 years old), portraits, silverware, cups, trophies and other relics. Some of the pictures have been lent by the Queen from the Royal Library at Windsor, while other exhibits have been lent by museums, private owners and the London County Council. The Royal Sussex Regiment was formed in 1881, when the Infantry of the Line was reorganised; the history of the Regiment, however, goes back to 1701, when the 35th Foot (later the 1st Battalion) was raised by the Earl of Donegal at Belfast.



A GROUP OF RELICS: They include drums and trophies. The officer's uniform on left is of the Royal Sussex Light Infantry during 1803, while that on the right is of the Cinque Ports Volunteers, 1803, when William Pitt, who raised the Volunteers, was Colonel of the Regiment. In the background are Colours of the Queen's Cinque Ports Battalion.



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE ROOMS: The table in the foreground is laden with mess silver, cups and trophies. The portrait on the left, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is of Charles, 3rd Duke of Richmond, Colonel of the 33rd Regiment, who was instrumental in the erection of the Martello Towers on the coast. On the right is the Regiment's portrait of General Charles Otway as Colonel, 35th Regiment of Foot.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Recess.—The Westminster boys are on holiday—if you can call it a holiday. On the whole, their reports will please their parents. They have gained good marks for arithmetic; our reserves have grown, our balance of payments is reasonably improved and our currency respected. Butler Major gets a prize. Eden Major is head of the school and wins the Nobel prize, and Churchill (W. S.) made good use of his travelling scholarship. Macmillan won another prize for architecture. A number of notable boys are leaving this term and one, alas! was sacked. Lyttelton has put on the old school tie, and one or two more leading boys will not be seen in the autumn term. Business done? Peace in Indo-China, peace with Egypt, neither achieved without heavy cost here or there. More shackles knocked from our ankles, inflation checked, cost of living pegged, commercial television authorised, rent control adjusted, one or two bullies caned. Members' pay? This was a black spot in the term. The boys got out of hand and deserved the wigging they got from their High Master, who saw to it that they did not get all they wanted. As usual in all school terms, there were rows and clique fights and a habit of swearing among the boys was deplored. But, on the whole, the health of the school was satisfactory, and if the eleven did not win all their matches (they were easily defeated by the House of Lords Reformatory), their record was pretty good. And now they are bathing in the sea or basking in the warmth of their constituents' approval, perhaps.

Wanted a Wellington.—The Lord Great Chamberlain has appealed to Members of both Houses and a wider public for a loan of original pictures (or good copies) of famous men to adorn the Palace of Westminster. Curious gaps were left when the Prince Consort, who supervised the decoration, died. Neither Wellington nor Nelson was represented. I can't believe the appeal will not soon result in the offer of a "Wellington." That great man's portraits (and good copies) must be almost as plentiful as his autograph letters which are to be picked up at half-a-crown. (I have ten-shillings worth of them.) As for portraits, they are legion. Take D'Orsay's bad picture ("At last I 've been done like a gentleman"). I don't know how many copies exist, but I shall be surprised if one is not found to be expendable; and copies of pictures at Apsley House and in London clubs must be numerous. And certainly the Duke deserves to be represented at Westminster. He made his presence felt there.

A ROYAL BIRTHDAY PARTY IN LONDON

THE QUEEN MOTHER GOES TO THE THEATRE ON HER FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY: Accompanying her from the Royal Court Theatre on Wednesday of last week are the Queen and Princess Margaret; the visit followed a dinner party at Clarence House. At the end of the revue *Airs on a Shoestring*, the cast sang "Happy Birthday to You," and Her Majesty stood to acknowledge the applause of the audience. Earlier, the Queen's children had tea with their grandmother.

Brighter Cricket.—The cricket season is not yet over. In what remains of it perhaps "the best is yet to be." It is a reasonable hope. Meanwhile, all honour to those who tried to answer the M.C.C.'s demand to make it brighter. It was not easy to make it very bright when week after week "2 ins. of rain fell for 30 runs." There are grounds for suggesting that our methods of according points in the championship table might be amended to take note of our rainfall. Certainly Manchester usually gets more rain than Lord's, and the West is worse off generally than the East. Yet the moment we start to tinker with the rules to dodge the rain, that will be a signal for Pluvius (J.) to decide on a total-drought summer for 1955. Still, if true, it does seem hard that a county which scores 400 runs and gets nine of its opponents' wickets for 50 runs before the washout, should be marked "as if it had been beaten by an innings." And that extreme case does, I suppose, accurately reveal the present anomaly in the points system during a summer like this. But brighter cricket depends on much more than a vigorous determination to score runs. The sun, the "big ball," must be seen by the batsman as clearly as the little ball, and must be seen all over the ground. Cricket's a summer game and (at that) not an aquatic sport. And since, no doubt, cricket can be as much fun when the ball is master of the bat, perhaps we 'd better leave things as they are and bank on Pluvius (J.) obeying an order to dry up before May 1955.

Stonehenge and the "Decameron."—At the beginning of August, two very different and minor items of news caught my eye on a single page in my newspaper. One gave information that Stonehenge, as we know it, old as it is, is no more than a modern erection on a much older monument. The other reported that the *Decameron*, old as it is, had suddenly been found by the Swindon magistrates to be obscene and indecent, and was ordered to be destroyed. What vision Bowdler had! He foresaw that posterity might swallow a camel for centuries and then suddenly strain at a gnat, and he did what he could to soften the far distant shock. But he cannot have foreseen what huge camels posterity would gobble up the night before it began to strain at gnats: Boswell's *London Journal*, Gide's *If it die . . .*, and all those American jungle-war horrors that reached the million mark, as examples. Antiquity and obscenity are both long words; call them Eld and Filth for short. Is there some connection between them? We have suddenly discovered that Stonehenge is "modern" and the *Decameron* far too "modern" for our sudden conversion to purity. We must efface Stonehenge as an ancient monument and destroy the *Decameron* as a dirty relic which for some years has been encouraging competition in indecency. For my part, I think Stonehenge is still quite a good example of our forefathers' architecture, and the *Decameron* in better taste than some of its post-war imitators in "obscenity." There are many camels ripe for the hangman before the poor old *Decameron*. But when England is in one of "her periodic fits of morality," she becomes not only ridiculous, but sickening.

The Only Criterion.—But that is not to say that the police (and necessarily, therefore, the magistrates) should not be judges of published obscenity. Often enough the police are ignorant of literary merit and the magistrates not less so. But who in the world is a universally accepted arbiter of taste or of merit in literature? Merit as literature can never be the criterion. There is one certain, just and easily decided criterion of literary obscenity. It is this: Did the author and publisher produce the work solely or chiefly for monetary gain; did they exploit filth (and the public) to fill their own pockets? Of that criterion the police and the magistrates are as efficient and just judges as anyone else. We know very well that in the Press and in the world of books shrewd men have been exploiting filth for personal profit all our lives, and those exploiters are the people who deserve to suffer fine and imprisonment. Socrates was condemned to drink hemlock because he had corrupted youth. Hemlock. And after? Are the exploiters of obscenity to be acquitted on the same general indictment to-day? We have no evidence that Socrates' way led to big financial profits. We have some evidence that exploiting filth can be made profitable to-day. And the same applies to exploiting sensation of all kinds. For too long the rule that dog doesn't eat dog applied in Fleet Street.

Not an Educated People.—The summer schools and holiday conferences usually provide us with matter for correcting our vanity and give us some of the thoughts of people who use their minds on matters more important than bathing belles and pools. The Liberal Summer School at Cambridge was no exception. It ranked the British in culture and education far below the Swiss and Scandinavians.

Our manners are bad, our toleration of squalor, noise and ugliness deplorable; our filthy habits in regard to the sale of food (and in regard to litter, surely) are infamous. We kill 6,000 people a year on the roads. And take our Sunday newspapers as an example of our "culture." 'A' statistical table helps: Every Sunday 15,000 acres of newsprint is distributed, of which 50 per cent. is entirely devoted to crime, sex, gossip, sport, pools. To serious news and political discussion only one-tenth is allocated. Don't think I disagree. On the contrary, I could add knobs. I don't, however, swallow all the rest of the Liberal School conclusions. It doesn't blame the newspapers. It assumes that the sensationals are right to give the public the muck it wants. I don't. As long as the "public" gets its swill, so long will it continue to take no interest in its own education. "We ought to spend £900,000,000 on education." Will that bring us up to the standard of Scandinavia and Switzerland, and *how soon?* We have been spending half that amount for years. And what will remain to spend on the roads, which to-day take toll of 6,000 lives a year? That black spot will still stand against us when we are nearer to becoming an "educated people." But don't expect miracles from the Cambridge indictment. Press self-censureship is still pretty tolerant of the frailty of its weaker vessels with the largest circulations.

Columnists' Each-way Bet.—There are columnists employed by their Editors to give the public all it wants concerning the doings of the Royal Family and the "Socialites." Perhaps their public can never have enough of it. Perhaps sometimes they get indigestion, I don't know. I nibble only a very occasional crumb without much appetite. It is an odd thing that those editors and their sleuths, who cash in so satisfactorily on the private lives of these glamorous subjects, often seem to suggest that Republicanism is not quite dead even now in Britain, and that the "bad old" showmanship and snobbery of Edwardianism was nasty and should be a museum-piece in our healthy and glorious Democracy. Is there here a charge of inconsistency to be preferred? Well, of course, since Crichel Down we have all become very sensitive to any suggestion of privilege, of back-stair influence, of private bites of the public cake, and so on. And perhaps it is "a public duty" of some editors and their columnists to bite the hand that feeds it and its public. "The private road to the Queen's grouse moor," for instance. There will always be someone to "ask a question," and someone to ventilate it in the Press. (There is always a "Republican" objector whenever the Civil List comes up for discussion.) It doesn't mean anything, for this queer inconsistency in a section of the Press has long been noted and even smiled at. But just as Civil Servants for a while will be on their best behaviour and mind their p's and q's, so the servants of Royalty will no doubt be wise to check the most innocent decisions for any possible handles they may give to those who cannot resist biting the hands that feed them so generously and profitably.

The South Downs.—I bought my house many years ago in West Sussex chiefly for its view over the South Downs between Harting and Goodwood. And the face I look on is not much changed in eighteen years. But when I walk on the ridge, I confirm the sad truth revealed by a *Times* correspondent who reports: "Almost the whole of the ridge from South Harting to above Southwick, a distance of nearly 30 miles, has come under cultivation." "Almost" is perhaps too strong a word. But it is certainly true that the immemorial sheep-cropped turf and the ancient track of pre-Roman men are largely obliterated, and that oats, barley and corn wave where once was turf dotted with South Down sheep. A subsidy of £5 or more an acre makes ploughing profitable to the small farmer still, though not so profitable on the long view to the nation and taxpayer, since the thin, chalky soil is not permanent corn land, and it is difficult for those who are not experts in farming economics to understand why South Down mutton is no longer a national need or desirable in an area which sheep made famous, lovely and profitable. The amenities also suffer. A chequer-board of wired fields is no improvement on the dimples and shadows of Down turf, and since ploughing-up is largely a go-as-you-please with the farmer, many ancient sites of pre-historic settlements are ploughed up, scheduled as such or no. One may comfort oneself with the reflection that if it hadn't been for the plough, we should never have heard of or seen the villa at Bignor. On the other hand, the more societies we create for preserving amenities and culture, the less they co-operate and consult together.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Pageantry on the Castle Rock—
Sidelights on This Year's Tattoo

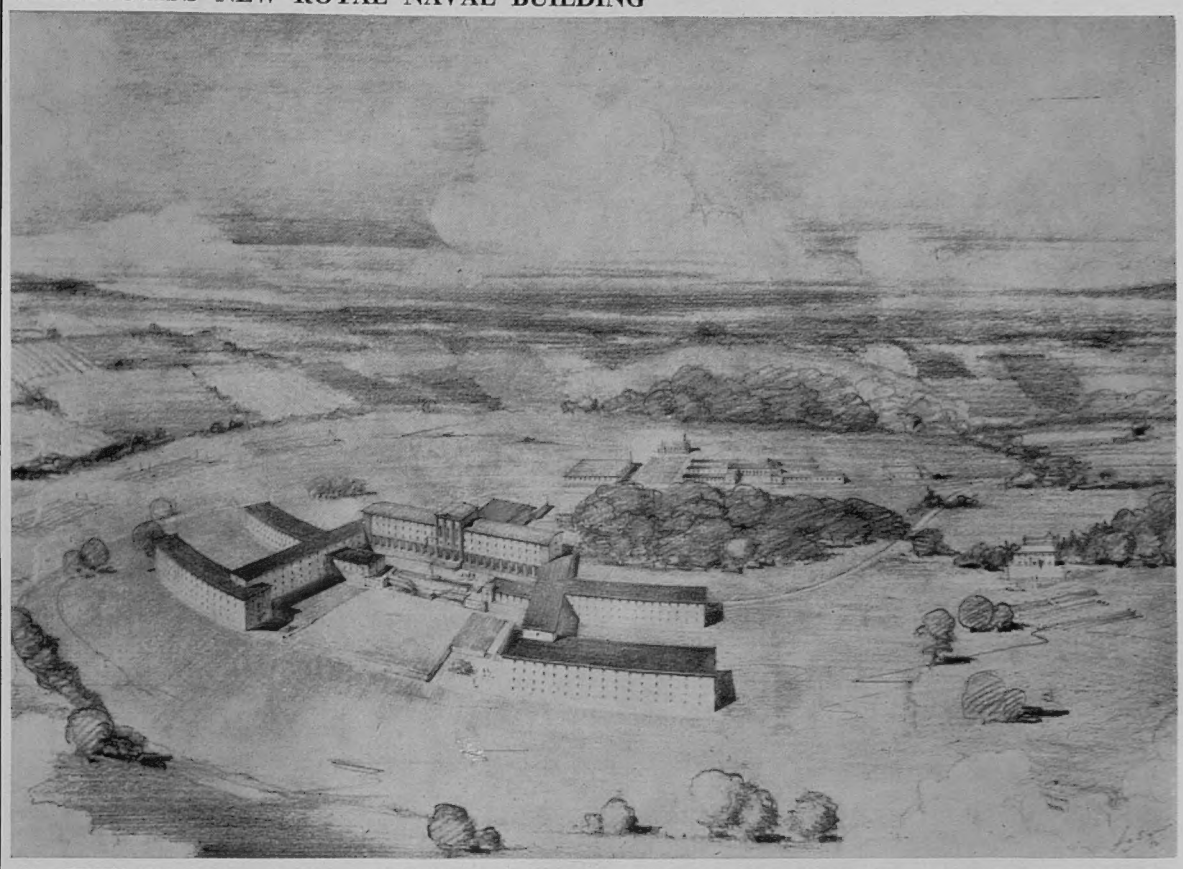
ALSO

THE LOTHIANS

A Historic Area Within Easy Reach of the Visitor to the Festival, Which Opens on August 22.

Both Features Illustrated with Special "Sphere" Drawings by John Mackay.

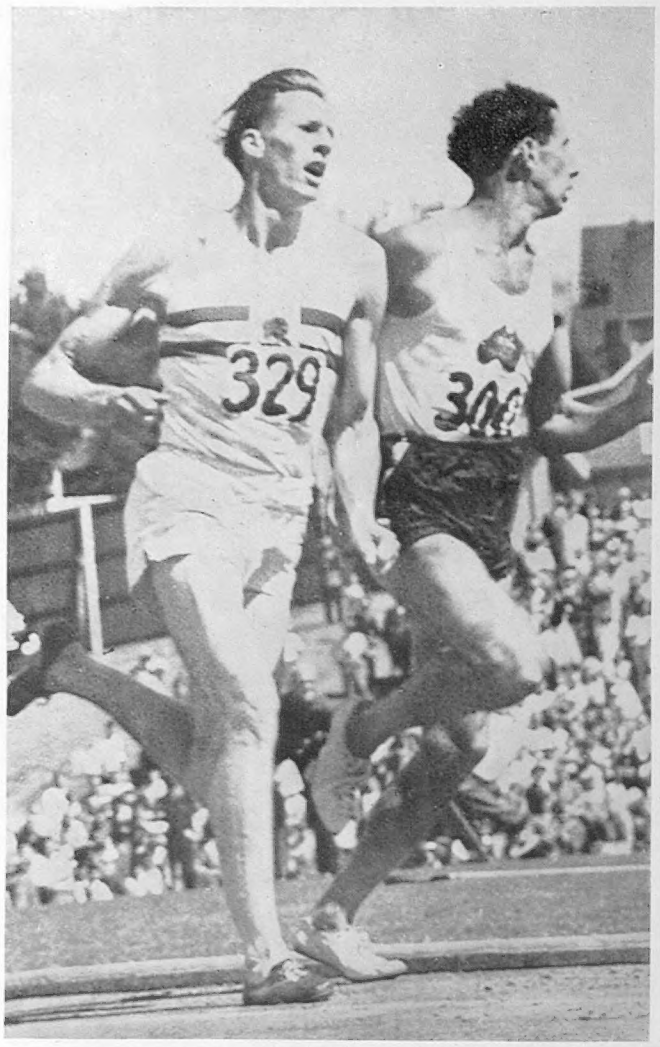
PLYMOUTH'S NEW ROYAL NAVAL BUILDING



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE R.N. ENGINEERING COLLEGE, MANADON, NEAR PLYMOUTH, SHOWING THE PROJECTED ACCOMMODATION BLOCK FOR 500 OFFICERS: Approval for the building of the first part of this block, to cost about £400,000, has just been given, and work is expected to start in a few months' time. When completed, it will provide accommodation for Engineer Officers now living in the old College building at Keyham. The Manadon site was bought in 1936, and the first main building programme went forward between 1944 and 1946, when an instructional block containing classrooms and laboratories, two large hangars and temporary hutments for accommodation were constructed. In 1951 a further instructional block and spacious engineering workshops were added. To complete the Engineering College, the permanent accommodation block (illustrated above), laboratories for electrical engineering and aerostructure, and a modern engine test shop are required.

FIRST MEETING OF THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY

THE CHAIRMAN PRESIDES OVER HIS FIRST MEETING AND HINTS AT SPONSORED PROGRAMMES "IN ABOUT A YEAR": From left to right are—Miss Dilys Powell; Miss Margaret Popham; Sir Charles Colston (Deputy Chairman); Dr. T. J. Honeyman; Sir Kenneth Clark (Chairman); Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Chichester; Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft and Sir Henry Hinchcliffe; there is also another member, Lord Aberdare. *On left*—A close-up of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman; their salaries will be £3,000 a year and £1,000 respectively. The seven other members of the authority will receive £500 a year. After the first meeting of the authority at the G.P.O. Headquarters, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C, Sir Kenneth Clark said that few decisions had yet been reached and that the meeting had been devoted to the asking of questions by members of the authority about technical and financial matters as well as about the general structure. He hoped that the authority and the B.B.C. would not attempt to "cut each other's throats."



THE GREATEST OF MILE RACES—A FITTING CLIMAX TO THE VANCOUVER GAMES: The great race in which R. G. Bannister, of England, beat J. M. Landy, of Australia. *On left*—The decisive moment in the race when, on the last bend, with 130 yards to go, Bannister passed Landy to take the lead. *On right*—Bannister breasts the tape to win the Empire and Commonwealth Games Mile about 3 yards ahead of Landy. Bannister's time was 3 mins. 58·8 secs., and Landy's ·8 secs. slower. 300 yards from the finish it seemed that Landy would draw away to win, but Bannister timed his finish admirably to secure a great victory.

THE EMPIRE GAMES AT VANCOUVER

Some of the Triumphs and Tragedies of the Great Commonwealth Gathering in Canada

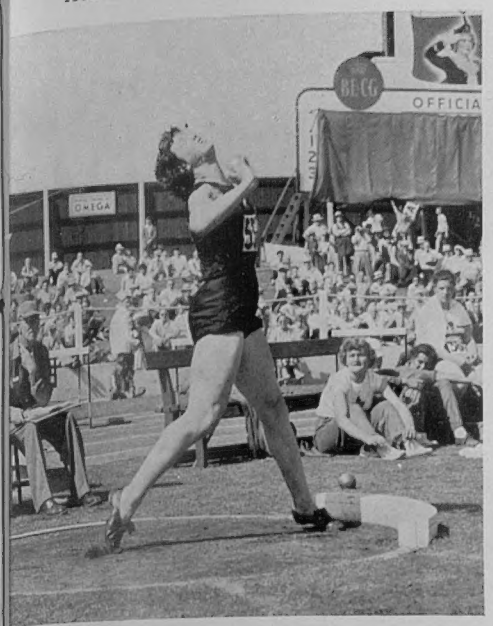
In the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh and Field Marshal Earl Alexander, together with 32,000 enthusiastic spectators, the Empire and Commonwealth Games came to a spectacular close when, on the last afternoon, the "mile of the century" was won by England's Dr. Roger Bannister. Just as that race came up to expectations, so did the entire week of athletics, swimming, rowing, boxing, weight-lifting, wrestling, fencing, cycling and bowls. If the events of the last afternoon, including the tragedy of Peters' marathon, remain outstanding in the memory, one must not forget the many brilliant performances which were put up at Vancouver. The fact that in more than half the events new Games records were established bears witness to the exceptionally high standards attained. Of individual performers, perhaps pride of place should go to Australia's Mrs. Marjorie Nelson (*née* Jackson), who wound up her triumphant career with devastating performances which won her three gold medals. Then there was another triple winner, Miss Yvette Williams, of New Zealand, and K. S. D. Wilmshurst proved to be an outstanding English performer. England, who won no fewer than nine of the twenty men's athletics events, won the unofficial Games Championships with twenty-three gold medals. Australia with twenty came second, and though Canada, the hosts, had only nine winners, they were comfortably ahead on second and third placings to keep South Africa out of the third place.

AN ULSTER GIRL WINS THE WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP: Miss Thelma Hopkins, who comes from Belfast, seen in action at Vancouver. She won a gold medal with a jump of 5 ft. 6 ins., a new Empire Games record. She came second in the women's long jump.

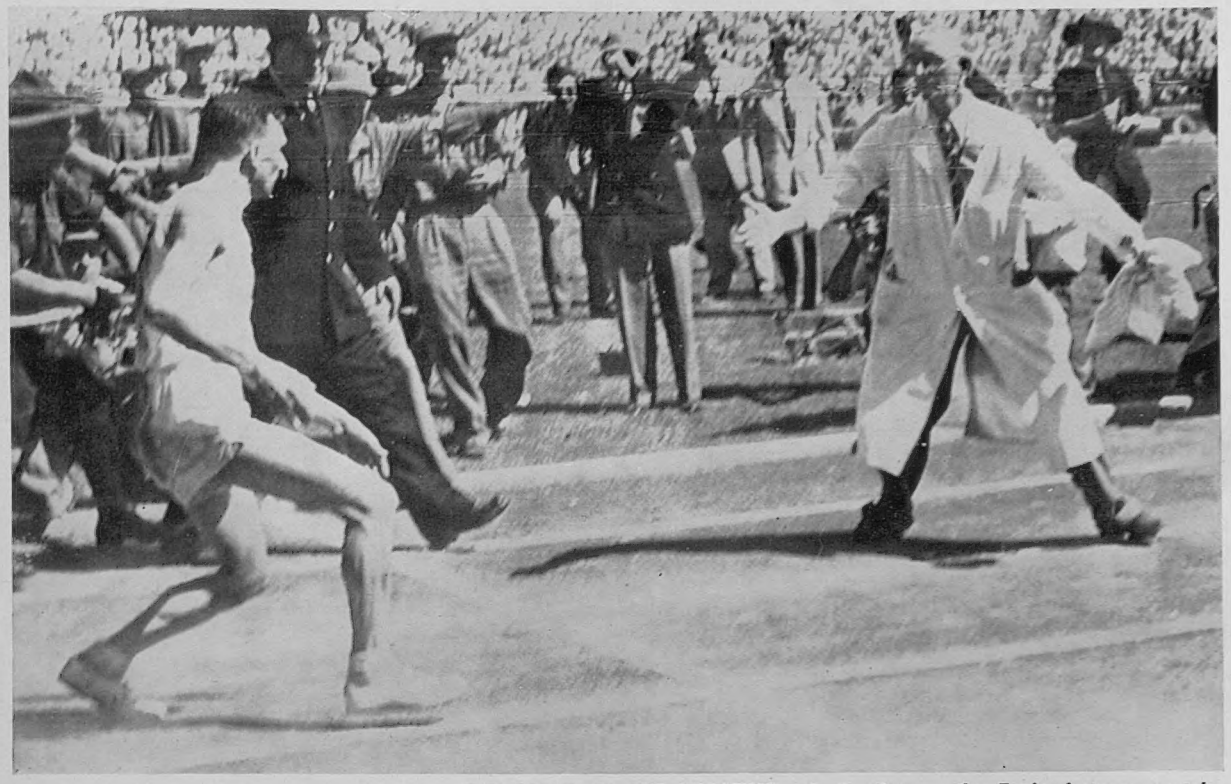
MRS. MARJORIE NELSON TRIUMPHS: The great Australian runner, formerly Miss Marjorie Jackson, winning the 220 yards in 24 secs., The Games were said to have been Mrs. Nelson's last competitive appearance, and she could not have finished her great career in more brilliant style. Besides winning the women's 220 yards she also won the 100 yards and played the decisive part in the Australian women's team's narrow win over England in the 440 yards relay.

A BLANKET FINISH IN THE SPRINT: Five of the finalists in the 100 yards breaking the tape with only a tenth of a second between them. They are, from left, D. McFarlane (Canada), who was placed second; M. G. R. Agostini (Trinidad), who won in 9·6 secs.; E. Ajado (Nigeria), fourth; H. Nelson (Canada), fifth; and H. D. Hogan (Australia), third. K. Jones, of Wales, was sixth in 9·8 secs.

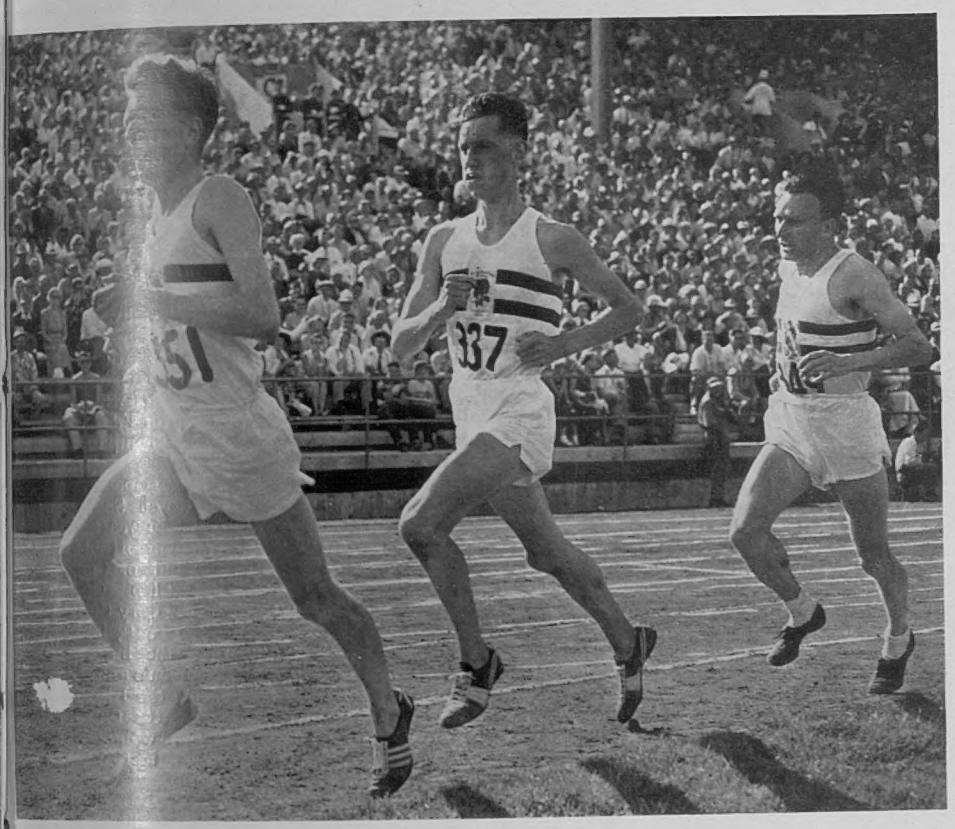
C. J. CHATAWAY WINS THE THREE MILES: The English runner at the finish of the race, in which he beat his compatriots, F. Green and F. D. Sando, in the Games record time of 13 mins. 35·2 secs., thus reversing the result of last month's world record-beating race.



WINNER OF THREE GOLD MEDALS : Yvette Williams, from New Zealand, seen during the women's shot put event, which she won with a Games record put of 45 ft. 9½ ins. Miss Williams also beat a Games record when she won the women's long jump with 19 ft. 11½ ins., and she won her third gold medal in the women's discus.



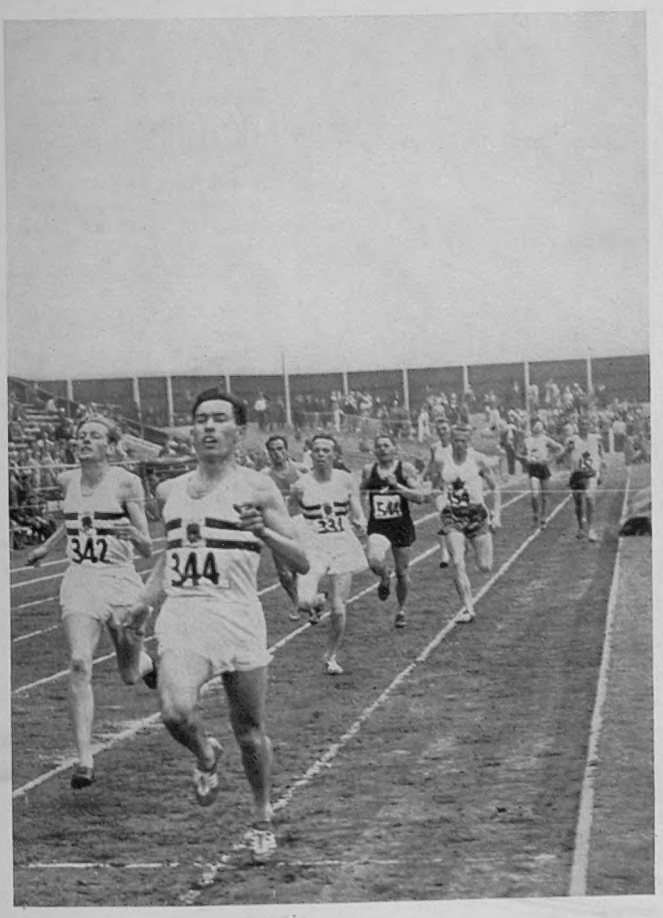
THE DRAMA OF THE MARATHON : J. H. Peters, the England team captain, about to collapse for the last time on the Vancouver track only 200 yards from the finishing line. As he entered the huge arena after covering more than 26 miles of the gruelling marathon course Peters was 15 mins. ahead of his nearest rival. He was, however, in a state of complete exhaustion, and as soon as he reached the cinders track he collapsed. He gallantly picked himself up, tottered a few yards and dropped again. This happened several times, and finally the tragic agony was cut short and Peters was picked up by English officials and carried off the track. He was taken to hospital where he eventually recovered. The race was won by J. McGhee of Scotland.



On left—

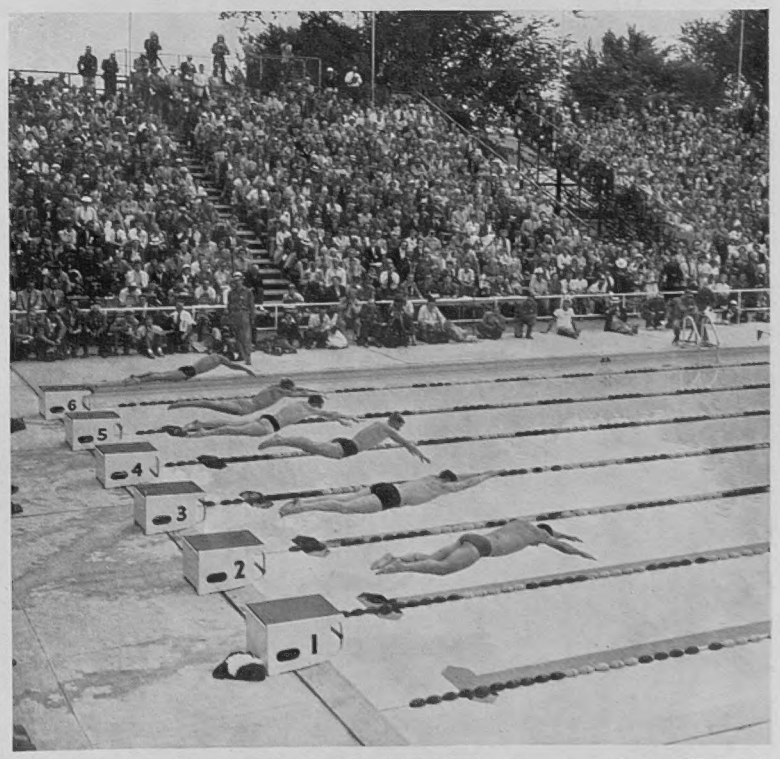
TWO GOLD MEDALS FOR AN ENGLISHMAN : K. S. D. Wilmshurst is airborne during the long jump, which he won with a Games record performance of 24 ft. 8¾ ins. Wilmshurst also won the hop, step and jump, and came in sixth in the final of the 440 yards hurdles.

ENGLAND'S FIRST THREE IN THE SIX MILES : F. D. Sando leading P. B. Driver and J. H. Peters around a bend during the race for the six miles. Driver won the race in 29 mins. 9·4 secs., with Sando second and Peters third. The first five all beat the previous best Games performance for the distance. Fourth was A. G. E. Warren (Australia), and fifth S. E. W. Cox (England). Peters later ran a heroic marathon, and Cox was forced to retire after completing twenty-two of the twenty-six miles of that race.



On right—

ENGLAND WINS THE HALF-MILE : D. J. N. Johnson winning the final of the 880 yards in a Games record time of 1 min. 50·7 secs. Immediately behind him is seen B. S. Hewson, also of England, who came second, and third is yet another Englishman, I. H. Boyd. Immediately behind him can be seen W. Baillie, of New Zealand, who came fourth, R. Ferguson (Canada), fifth, and on left, behind Boyd, J. Hamilton (Scotland), sixth.



A FLYING START FOR THE FREE-STYLE SWIMMERS : The start of the 100 yards free-style race at the open-air swimming-pool in Vancouver. From the first lane on right are B. A. Roper (Jamaica), who finished sixth ; G. Parks (Canada), fourth ; J. Henricks (Australia), the winner ; C. J. Weld (Australia), second ; R. Aubrey (Australia), third ; and Kin Man Cheung (Hong Kong), fifth. Henricks' time of 56·6 secs. set up yet another Games record.

STORMY WEATHER FOR COWES WEEK

On the Last Day Several Yachts Sank and Many More were Dismasted

By UFFA FOX

On left—

A STORMY FINISH TO COWES WEEK: The schooner *Lumberjack* (Mr. Max Aitken) is seen crossing the finish line to win the Royal Southern Yacht Club's Hamble Cup for boats of 36-ft. rating and above. Scarcely had the regatta started when storm cones were hoisted from the Royal Yacht Squadron flagstaff, warning of a southerly gale. Hit by savage squalls of wind, yachts were dismasted, their sails torn, and several sank. One yacht lost a man overboard but fortunately he was rescued.

The pictures on these pages are by Beken of Cowes

THE week preceding Cowes was one of strong winds and heavy squalls, so that those taking part in the speed sailing trials, organised by the Cowes Corinthian Yacht Club, did not lack for wind. On the first day Catamarans, Jolly Boats and 505s attempted to make the best speed record.

Peter Scott with Vernon Stratton as his crew sailing a Fairey 18-ft. Jolly Boat, put up the best speeds for the day, and though many tried desperately throughout the week none equalled his times. For all the other boats continually capsized as they were driven beyond the limits of helmsman and boat—and all to no avail. Thus Peter Scott's record stood throughout the week.

On Friday, July 30, there was a race around a flat, triangular course to prove the fastest type of boat, and again it was open to any boat driven by wind alone, with no restrictions as to type, rig or sail area. In Cowes there were Catamarans, craft with three floats, and all sorts of rigs from aeroplane wings to one that looked a cross between a maypole and an awning—rigs that in the future, when they have been developed, will give high speeds. Although these strange craft claim to be capable of 30 knots they did not show up well and once again the Fairey Jolly Boat won. It was just as well that the winner of the flying mile won the open race as this saved any argument as to the speed of various craft for a year.

The same strong wind was experienced by the Dragon fleet racing for the Duke of Edinburgh's Cup. All helmsmen glory in one particular sort of weather and W. Gordon Smith and his wife have all through the years sailed remarkably well in the strongest of winds. It is, therefore, not surprising that their Dragon *Vana* came out on top and won this cup which is the championship cup for the Dragons.

The wind had eased away and the opening day of Cowes under the burgee of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club was held in gentle and fine weather, which enabled everyone to settle down comfortably. But there was a bit more heart in the wind for the Sunday regatta of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. One of the interesting races of this day was for the Cory Cup, as this is a race where every club enters one boat; it was won by *Vana* (W. Gordon Smith), flying the burgee of the Royal Burnham Yacht Club. The Queen's and the Duke of Edinburgh's *Bluebottle*, representing the Island Sailing Club, was second. In the same regatta the Duke of Edinburgh's flying fifteen, *Coweslip*, won the Royal Thames Holt Cup. All classes, in fact, enjoyed a spanking sail.

Monday was the Royal London Yacht Club's day from the Squadron Line, and the most exciting race of the day was the 52-mile race round the Isle of Wight for vessels with a waterline of 30 ft. and over for the Sir Walter Preston Cup. Late July and early August is the period of our south-west monsoon, during which we get strong south-westerly winds, and, therefore, the London was wise in not sending the smaller handicap classes around the island: these raced round the buoys inside the Solent. Because of tides this race had to be sent eastwards around the island, and the brisk breeze bustled the boats along so fast that one and all were contending with a foul tide for most of the course. This, with a south-west wind, meant short tacks as close as could be effected prudently to the rocks of Bembridge and of St. Catherine's and the sands of Shanklin and Sandown buoy and, on the run up through the Solent, to the island ledges or the mud flats of the north shore. *Uomie* (S. B. Slater) found the short tacks in smooth water under the lee of the island exactly to her liking and won this race. Meantime the rest of the handicap and Solent classes were sailing with all the wind they needed round the Solent courses.

Tuesday, for the first of the Royal Yacht Squadron regattas, came in with very light airs and all the yachts had to kedge (anchor) to prevent themselves being swept over the starting line by the strong tide. They also had to kedge on various occasions throughout the races. The most important race of the day was for the Britannia Cup and this was won by *St. Barbara* (Royal Artillery Yacht Club) which, due to the light winds, did not finish the course until hard upon midnight.

Wednesday was another day starting off with a calm and then light air, so that once more all the vessels had to use their kedges at the start and at the different marks. Sailing without wind calls for the utmost skill as it is rather like skating without ice, but after a while a gentle south-west air came in which gradually increased to a sparkling south-west wind, and soon some 500 racers were dancing over the sparkling Solent sea.

Thursday was another Squadron day and the most important race of the day was for the New York Yacht

THE SCHOONER "LUMBERJACK" MAKES YACHTING HISTORY: After splitting her genoa, *Lumberjack* set the "Great Maxwell," her 4,100-sq.-ft. spinnaker, from the maintopmast and flew it clear over the foretopmast, her 37-ft. spinnaker boom extending it well. For the first time a staysail schooner was able to run dead before the wind—fast. The "Great Maxwell" exceeds the area of all other of *Lumberjack's* sails put together.

CHASING AWAY BEFORE THE WIND : The 12-metre yacht, *Flicka II*, is seen spanking along with her spinnaker set over her jib. Storms wreaked havoc among the craft.

SPEED TRIALS IN OSBORNE BAY : This Fairey Jolly Boat, designed by Uffa Fox, was competing in the trials with unorthodox craft ; a Jolly Boat put up the fastest time.

ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT : The yacht *Uomie* won the Royal London Yacht's race round the island. The weather conditions of the race exactly suited it.

Club Challenge Cup. The day came in with a smart breeze from the south-south-east, but soon after the start this wind backed into the south-west and this meant a long beat to windward against the flood tide, from the Calshot Pillar Buoy, down the full length of the Solent to the Lymington Spit Buoy. These conditions brought out the sterling qualities of the international metre classes when going to windward, and nothing could stand against Major Macdonald-Buchanan's 12-metre *Kaylena*, which won the trophy in a decisive fashion. She was first to finish, and by finishing so far ahead she made up for the time which she had to allow the rest of the fleet. Meantime the rest of the handicap classes—the 8-metre cruisers, the 6 metres, the 5.5 metres, the Dragons, the Swallows, the Redwings, the Solent Sunbeams, the flying fifteens, the "X," and Yarmouth One Designs, and the Victories—were racing for all they were worth round the various courses set for them.

No matter whether in the lead or at the tail of the fleet there is excitement and fun for all those racing ; when in the lead the boat has to take defensive action by keeping between the boats immediately astern and the next mark, and when astern trying to get off on to an entirely different course in the hope of catching a different wind and so passing ahead of those in front. Thus all races are a continuous battle of sailing and seamanship.

Friday is the Cowes Town Regatta Day, a day for everything and everybody. Besides giving races for the sailing classes, the town also gives races for various rowing and other types of boats, and there are shore

THE RIGOURS OF SAILING : Here a 505 came to grief during the speed trials, which were held in a high wind. She capsized though only setting a 12-ft. "Firefly" sail.

sports, the greasy pole, the town band, and at nightfall, a grand fireworks display, when the Navy as well as the town of Cowes fills the skies with wonderfully exciting rockets.

The week ended in an exciting flourish as the Royal Southern Yacht Club had courage enough to hold their regatta from the Royal Yacht Squadron line in spite of a gale warning. There was a moderate gale from the south-west with wind thirty to thirty-five miles an hour, enough to make all the large yachts of 36-ft. rating and upwards, with the exception of *Lumberjack*, reef down. The start of this race at 11.30 was the most exciting start of the week, as this class came roaring at top speed to the starting line with a flood tide as well as the south-west gale urging them on. The 12-metre *Kaylena* drew out ahead and was the first to arrive at the Mother Bush buoy, but here, through her main sheet not being eased away smartly, she took charge and was forced to retire. The *Flicka*, another 12-metre, now took the lead on the wild close reach to the Calshot Pillar buoy with Commander Boyle's 12-metre *Vanity* in second place just ahead of Max Aitken's schooner, *Lumberjack*, and fourth but gradually dropping back was the Household Brigade Yacht Club's *Gladeye*.

This order was maintained to the Pillar buoy. Halfway across this reach the schooner *Lumberjack* reefed by taking down one of her four sails, the main topmast staysail; thus bringing out the great virtues and easy handling qualities of the staysail schooner rig. The standing sails of this rig are made up in four units, the forestaysail, the mainstaysail, the maintopmast staysail and the mainsail, and the strains of these sails are distributed on two masts, so that those on board knew full well that in the testing time ahead on the beat against the south-westerly gale and flood tide the *Lumberjack* could endure. Quite early in this hard thrash to windward the 12-metre *Flicka's* reefed mainsail came down with a run and she retired. After two tacks the mainsail of the 12-metre *Vanity* split, and she too retired.

Shortly after this the large genoa jib, set instead of the forestaysail on *Lumberjack*, split right across but being a schooner she was still able to sail under the main staysail and mainsail while the shattered genoa was taken in and replaced by another. *Lumberjack* continued on her way as before and after rounding the Watchers Mark she reached across the Solent to the finishing line in a smother of foam. With the spindrift driving up as high as the top of her masts she won the Royal Southern's Hamble Cup, none of the racers that had started with her being able to complete the course. Meanwhile *Uomie* came in first in the 27- to 36-ft. rating class with Viscount Runciman's *Sandavore* a close second, these two roaring across the Solent in a cloud of high driven spume.

The day's racing took its toll of all classes. Masts were carried away in most classes and those in the smaller classes who were carrying too much sail filled with water on the beat to windward. A Redwing, a Swallow and a flying fifteen sank. The latter two have buoyancy rules and so should not have sunk, but their buoyant apparatus was not secured and was washed out of the boats. The sturdy little "X" and the Yarmouth One Designs showed up well as they were all snugly reefed and were for the most part under control. It takes a great deal of courage for the officers of the day to start a race in winds over 25 miles an hour, but these races in strong winds bring seamanship to the fore and unless races are held in strong winds boats will tend to be frail and light weather craft only.

And so the week ended with a flourish in a gale of wind, with a great deal of exciting sailing. The lessons learnt from this week are first, that there will be larger yachts in the future. This is foretold by the appearance of the three 12-metres *Flicka*, *Kaylena* and *Vanity* and the presence of six schooners at Cowes this year—including one each from Denmark and Portugal; secondly, with the larger fleets in all the classes, the sailing clubs will have to abandon all idea of recalling vessels over the line at the start ; thirdly, the futuristic craft at the speed trials also tell of a great surge forward in sailing ; fourthly, the Royal Ocean Racing Club, by measuring and rating the staysail schooner *Lumberjack* as a two-masted cutter, has done a great deal for deep-sea and hard-weather sailing. For the first time in yachting history it has allowed a schooner to set a spinnaker from her main topmast head and use a spinnaker boom the same length as the distance from her mainmast on deck to the stem head. So she could set a spinnaker large enough to enable her to run as fast as a cutter, dead before the wind.

THE WINNER OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CHALLENGE CUP : The *Kaylena* (Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan) is seen winning the trophy on the Thursday of Cowes Week. The weather-going ability of the 12-metre *Kaylena* enabled it to draw far ahead on the long beat against a foul tide from the Calshot Pillar to Lymington Spit.

The DUKE of EDINBURGH in CANADA

His Royal Highness Lands in Ottawa to Begin His Three-Week Informal Tour of the Country

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVES IN OTTAWA AT THE START OF HIS TWENTY-DAY INFORMAL TOUR OF CANADA: He is seen being greeted at Uplands Airport, by Major-General H. A. Sparling, Vice-Chief of the General Staff. On the Duke's left are the Governor-General, Mr. Massey, and the Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent. The Duke's journey from England was made in a four-engined transport of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

One of the Duke of Edinburgh's first engagements in Canada at the start of his twenty-day informal tour was to go swimming in the pool of the Ottawa Country Club. Later, he watched a cricket match, then met members of the Engineering Institute of Canada. The next day he flew just over 100 miles to the Chalk River atomic energy station, Ontario, and spent 3½ hours touring the most closely-guarded project in the country. During his visit the Duke walked to the top of the reactor to look through an opening at the rods which are used to shut down the atomic furnace. It was probably at this point that he was exposed to a slight amount of atomic radiation. From Ottawa the Duke then flew westwards on his 10,000-mile tour, stopping first at Rivers, Manitoba and then travelling on to Victoria. Later, after stopping at Vancouver for the Empire Games, he arranged to go on to Canada's far north and then back to the east coast via Yellowknife and Fort Churchill.

THE VISIT TO OTTAWA'S PARLIAMENTARY PRESS GALLERY: The Duke shakes hands with the Hon. Wishart McL. Robertson, Speaker of the Senate, while he addresses the Hon. Rene Beaudoin, Speaker of the House of Commons (left). Awaiting introductions are: Norman Campbell (Press Gallery President), and (extreme right) Jean Grand-Landau (Director).

DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CANADA'S CAPITAL: The Duke, dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force, waves to cheering crowds during the drive to Government House, the residence of the Governor-General.

A DASH THROUGH THE RAIN: Watched by the family of a National Research Council scientist (well protected from the rain) the Duke leaves a National Research Council building in Ottawa during his three-day stay in the capital.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE AT THE ATOMIC ENERGY DEVELOPMENT CENTRE AT CHALK RIVER, ONTARIO: The Duke of Edinburgh balances on one foot as a technician tests his shoes for radiation after the 3½-hour visit. The test showed a small amount of harmless radiation. From left are Mr. W. J. Bennett, president of the plant; Dr. D. A. Keys, scientific adviser; the Duke and Mr. G. W. Hatfield, works manager in charge of industrial operations.

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER READING HIS PLAN FOR TUNISIAN HOME RULE TO THE BEY OF TUNIS : M. Pierre Mendès-France standing before Sidi Mohammed al Amlin in the Bey's Palace in Tunis shortly after his dramatic flight to the North African city. Seated on the extreme left are M. Christian Fouchet, the French Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, and Marshal Alphonse Juin, both of whom accompanied the French Premier. The presence of Marshal Juin, who is well known as a believer in a "strong" French policy in North Africa, confirms the view that, the French Government will not tolerate disorder in Tunisia or in Morocco.

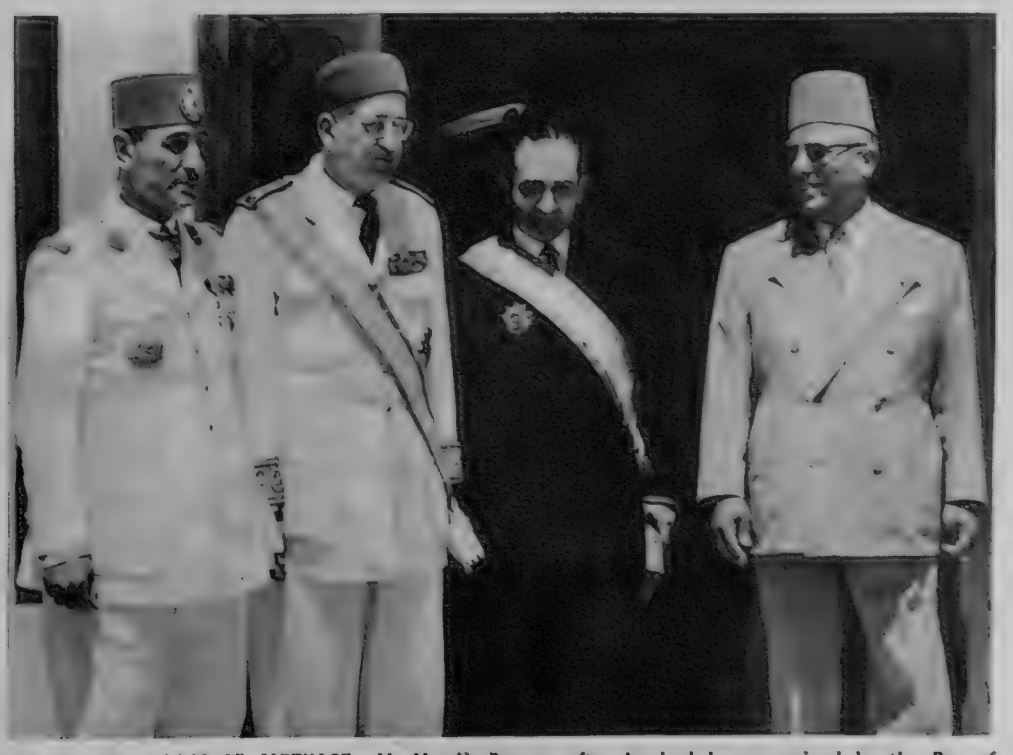
HOME RULE FOR TUNISIA

The Dramatic Flight of the French Premier to Attempt the Settlement of His Country's Problems in North Africa

M. Mendès-France, who is fast gaining a reputation for bold and dramatic statesmanship, took what may prove to have been a decisive step when he flew to Tunis to announce the intention of his Government to grant Home Rule to Tunisia. When the Treaty of Bardo was signed in 1881 the Bey of Tunis recognised the right of France to control defence and foreign policy, and gave the French the right to station troops in his country. Though the Bey was to have internal authority, there has, throughout the relationship between France and Tunisia, and, indeed, during the discussions on Home Rule, been inherent the idea of co-sovereignty. When M. Mendès-France therefore announced that France was ready to transfer the internal exercise of sovereignty to Tunisians, and proclaimed the internal autonomy of the Tunisian State, he was putting forward a revolutionary proposal. It has been severely criticised by Conservative elements in France, who feel that the interests of French settlers and trade are not adequately protected. Furthermore, the announcement has caused considerable unrest in Morocco, where the conditions are different and similar Home Rule proposals are at present impracticable.

WITH THE NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL : M. Mendès-France with M. Boyer de la Tour, centre, who was recently appointed Resident-General in Tunisia. At left is M. Poiszat, Secretary-General of the Residence.

THE ORDER OF CONFIDENCE FOR M. MENDÈS-FRANCE : The Bey investing the French Premier with the highest Tunisian honour, the Ahed-el-Aman, or order of confidence, after M. Mendès-France had told the Bey of his Home Rule proposals for Tunisia at the Palace of Carthage.



OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF CARTHAGE : M. Mendès-France, after he had been received by the Bey of Tunis. On left are the Chef de Protocol and the Commander of the Palace Guard. At right is the Bey's eldest son, Prince Chedly, who spoke warmly of the French Prime Minister's visit to Tunis, and of the announcement of a change in Tunisia's internal powers of sovereignty.

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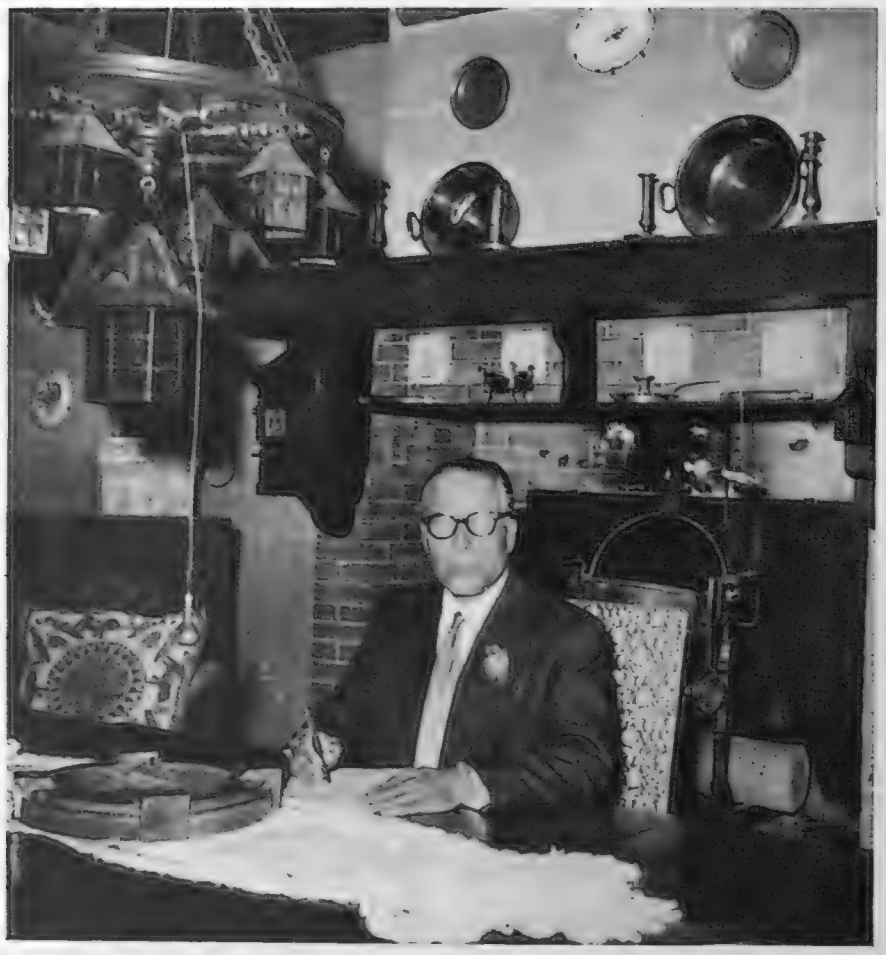
The Foreign News in Pictures

TENSION IN NORTH AFRICA

And a Survey of Other Recent Events in Europe, America, Asia and Africa



THE EXILED TUNISIAN NATIONALIST LEADER, STILL THE CENTRE OF CONTROVERSY: M. Habib Bourguiba, head of the Tunisian Neo-Destour Party, in the chateau at Montargis, near Paris, where he is being detained during his exile. With the announcement of the French Government's proposals for Tunisian Home Rule most of the aims of the Nationalist leader seem to have been fulfilled. He issued a statement in which he called the proposals a decisive stage along the road that leads to the restoration of complete Tunisian sovereignty, and this has been seized upon by M. Mendès-France's opponents in France.

AN INFLAMMABLE SITUATION IN MOROCCO: An armed native policeman guarding the entrance to a tobacco shop in Rabat, French Morocco, to protect customers from terrorists. The extreme Nationalists threatened all who were found buying French tobacco. This is only one example of the unrest at present prevalent in Morocco. When the Home Rule proposals for Tunisia were announced, the rumour was spread that the ex-Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, was returning to his throne, and there were a number of clashes between the various factions which resulted in many deaths, some of them in most unpleasant circumstances.

On left—

THE ETHIOPIAN EMPEROR IN ATHENS: Queen Frederika taking the arm of Emperor Haile Selassie when they attended the Cathedral in Athens for a Te Deum service. On left is King Paul of the Hellenes, and walking behind are Prince Constantine of Greece, in Boy Scout uniform, and his two sisters, Princess Irene and Princess Sophia. The service was held in Aramic, which is Ethiopia's official language: the Emperor is a member of the Greek Orthodox Church.

On right—

DRINKS ALL ROUND FOR GUATEMALA'S LIBERATION ARMY: Colonel Castillo Armas, left, seated beside one of his officers, Major Enrique Oliva. Behind, also sipping a drink, is a member of the Colonel's Revolutionary Army. It may have been this somewhat unusual form of military discipline which was one of the reasons for the one-day rebellion of honour by the cadets and staff of the Military College in Guatemala City. There had always been considerable reluctance to accept the "insulting" presence of Colonel Castillo's motley collection of soldiers with whom he came to power last month. As a result of the rebellion, the Colonel has agreed to disband and disarm his army.

POLICE QUELL RIOTS IN BEIRUT: Demonstrators, carrying staves, dispersing before the oncoming police in the Lebanon capital. For two days rioting took place, following the publication of a pamphlet which allegedly insulted the Prophet Mahomed.

A GREAT DAY FOR A LITTLE BOY: While the youngster screams at the top of his voice, his elders carry a banner with inscriptions from the Koran during the demonstrations in Beirut. The army was finally called in to help police quell the riots.

CONTRASTING SCENES IN HANOI, WHICH MUST BE EVACUATED WITHIN NINE MONTHS: ***On left*—Relaxation at the Cercle Sportif, where there is swimming and tennis, and nobody seems to be in any hurry to leave the city which, under the terms of the Indo-China truce, must be evacuated by French Union forces before the end of May, 1955. Behind the tennis courts can be seen a military encampment, providing a strange contrast of war and peace.** ***On right*—A Viet Namese woman sitting beside her few possessions, which she has spread out in the streets of Hanoi in an effort to sell them. Since the truce was signed, the streets of the Viet Nam city have become an open market-place, at which civilians try to dispose of their possessions before being evacuated south to Annam.** In Hanoi there is an air of lassitude and bewilderment following the truce. Most of the Viet Namese are undecided as to their course of action. To leave their city in the Tongking Delta, give up their homes and businesses, and go south into a strange land, implies a considerable gamble, for there is nothing to make them suppose that the Viet-minh may not have infiltrated even as far as Saigon within a year or two. On the other hand, to remain in Hanoi would be to place oneself at the tender mercies of Ho Chi Minh and his forces.

THE RUSH FOR SAFETY AFTER AN AIR CRASH: A dramatic picture of the scene immediately after a training aircraft had crashed into a large crowd at Lake Tiberias, in Israel, as those near by stream away from the burning aeroplane. Thirteen people were killed and twenty-three injured when the aircraft crashed on men and women attending a memorial service for the Jewish parachutists who were dropped behind German lines. The pilot of the aircraft, who was to have dropped a message from President Ben Zvi, lost control of his machine as he tried to retrieve the message when it became entangled with landing gear.

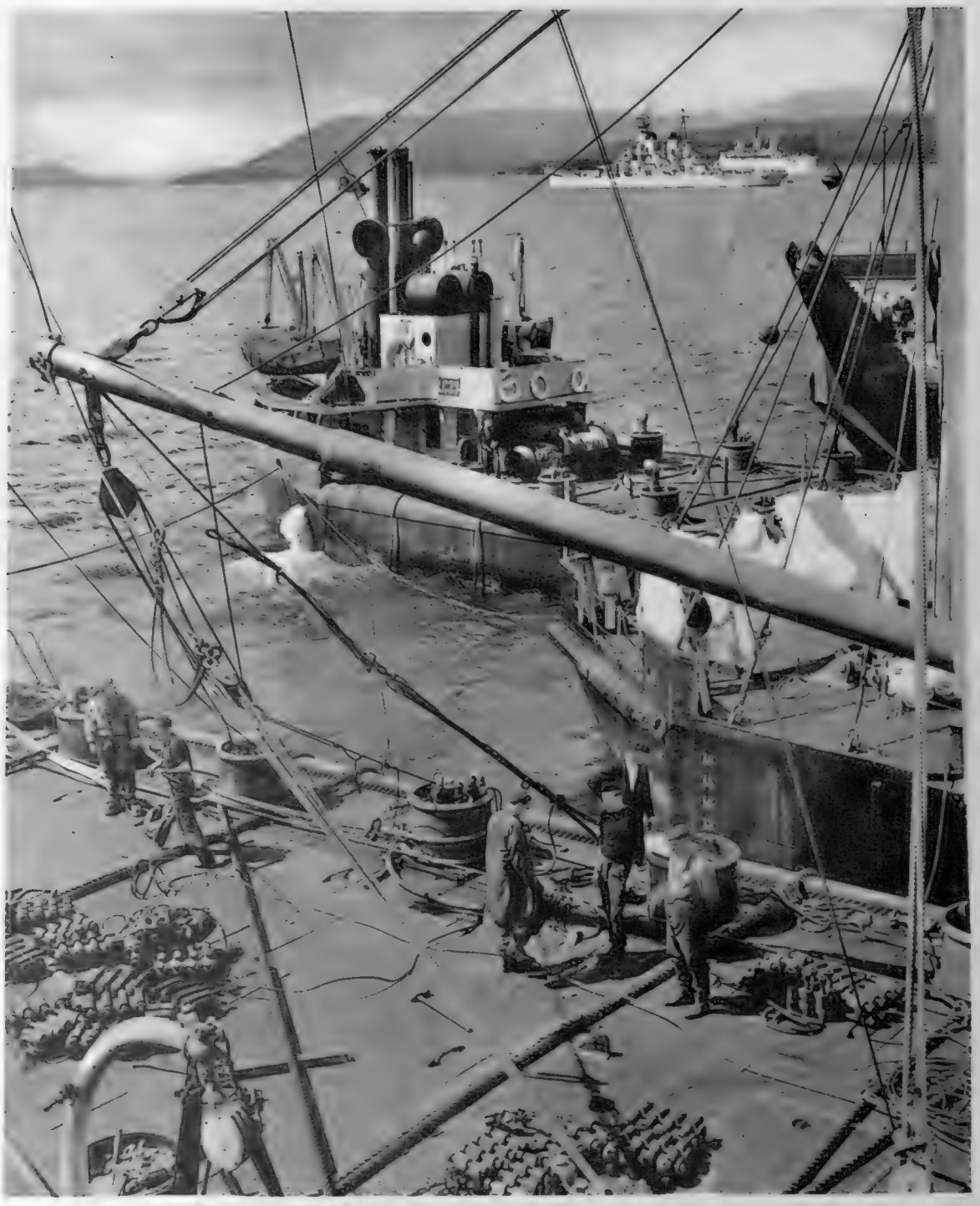
FROM SUEZ TO BRITAIN BY YACHT: The two R.A.F. N.C.O.'s who have solved the problem of the evacuation of the Suez Canal base in their own original manner are seen with their yacht, *Water Gipsy*, during trials in the Great Bitter Lake. The two men, Flight Sergeant R. Williams and Corporal Technician R. Fagan, have converted a Royal Air Force Air-Sea Rescue boat at a cost of £150. The designer of the Rescue boat, Uffa Fox, also designed the Wishbone Ketch Rig which they are using. The two men, who are being posted to a unit in England, will take the *Water Gipsy* up the Suez Canal, along the North African coast to Algiers; to Majorca and Minorca. Then they will go through the French canals to Le Havre, and finally, after voyaging for two months, they expect to cross the Channel.

THE INDO-CHINA TRUCE SUPERVISORS HOLD THEIR FIRST MEETING IN DELHI: The Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Pandit Nehru, in the centre at right, presiding over the preliminary meeting of the International Supervisory Commission for Indo-China. On his immediate right is Mr. Krishna Menon, India's Permanent representative to the United Nations and leader of the Indian delegation on the truce commission. Facing the Indian Premier are the Canadian and Polish delegates, They are, from left, Air Commodore H. H. C. Rutledge; Mr. R. M. MacDonnel; Mr. Escott M. Reid, Canadian High Commissioner in India and leader of the Canadian delegation; Mr. Jerzey Grudzinski, the Polish Ambassador and leader of his country's delegates; and Mr. H. Joreszek, First Secretary at the Polish Embassy. The commission decided that an advance party should go to Indo-China within a week.

A RUSSIAN SCIENTIFIC ENCAMPMENT IN THE FAR NORTH: This is one of the two camps established by Russian scientists this spring on floes in the Arctic. The men are equipped with many means of transport, including cars, tractors and helicopters (one of which is seen on the left of this picture), and regular radio contact is kept with the U.S.S.R. Among the subjects being studied from these two camps are the depth of the Arctic Ocean, atmospherics, and the geology of the sea-bed.

DRAMA IN PORT AND AT SEA

Raising a French Destroyer at Greenock; A Police Operation in the Thames; Fire Ravages a Norwegian Vessel in the North Sea



THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS AT GREENOCK: Activity at a point off Greenock where seven vessels are being used to raise the wreck of the *Maillé Brezé*. In the background are the United States ship *Wisconsin* and the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Scotland*.

THE BIGGEST SALVAGE JOB ON THE CLYDE IS BEING TACKLED OFF GREENOCK: A diver is seen going down to examine the wreck of the French destroyer *Maillé Brezé*, which sank after an explosion fourteen years ago. As the wreck has threatened oil pollution of the river, lifting vessels are being used in an attempt to raise the stricken ship. Last week the wreck was released from the mud and towed over half-a-mile onto a sandbank. Later it will be beached nearer the coast and made ready for towing to a ship-breaker's yard. Work has been going on for over a year and is being undertaken by the Admiralty on behalf of the Ministry of Transport. It was not until divers reached the navigation bridge of the ship that a plan of the vessel was discovered, all other plans having been destroyed during the war.

OFFICIALS LEAVE THE POLISH SHIP IN WOOLWICH REACH: A force of 120 police in river launches stood by while the writ of habeas corpus was served on the master. Present at the operation was the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir John Nott-Bower.

ANCHORED IN THE THAMES AFTER BEING STOPPED BY THE POLICE: The 3,219-ton Polish steamer *Jaroslaw Dabrowski*, seen in Galleon's Reach, off Woolwich, when she was boarded by police armed with a writ requiring the captain to produce a twenty-four-year-old man who was known to be on board. Two destroyers, one in London and the other at Chatham, stood by in case they were required.

After a week-end of police action on the Thames at Woolwich, a young Pole named Antoni Klimowicz, who was taken off the Polish ship *Jaroslaw Dabrowski*, appeared before the Lord Chief Justice at the Law Courts and was declared a free man. The drama at Woolwich and Erith began after dockers engaged in unloading the vessel had reported seeing a man who declared that he was seeking political asylum in this country. On hearing the news, Polish exiles contacted the Home Office and asked that the necessary action be taken. Immigration officers visited the ship but left soon afterwards, and the *Jaroslaw Dabrowski* began her journey down the Thames. Later, however, the vessel was stopped by the police and immigration officers, and a writ of habeas corpus was served on the master, requiring him to produce the stowaway. According to the Home Office statement issued after the event the master was unwilling to co-operate and the police searched the ship and took Klimowicz ashore.

A NORWEGIAN SHIP ABLAZE IN THE NORTH SEA: Smoke and flames pour from the 2,055-ton Norwegian cargo-vessel which caught fire early on the morning of August 1, seven miles off Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk coast. The vessel, bound for Rochester from Trondheim with a cargo of wood pulp, was later beached off Felixstowe.

The Norwegian cargo-vessel *Mildrid*, which caught fire seven miles off Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk coast, and was abandoned, was later token in tow and beached off Felixstowe. The fire was discovered in the stokehold in the early hours of the morning and the order to abandon ship was given when it became apparent that it could not be controlled by the crew. In just over half an hour the survivors were picked up by the British collier *Corfen*, which had sighted the blazing vessel sometime earlier. The *Mildrid*, still burning, was taken in tow by the *Turmoil* and remained at an anchorage north of the Cork light vessel until being taken to a ledge in the sea-bed off Felixstowe. The owner of the vessel, Hr. Halvard Bachke, of Trondheim and his wife were on board at the time of the fire. Summing up after the rescue operations, the *Mildrid*'s master, Captain John Stensen, of Trondheim, said, "Everybody on board behaved wonderfully."

THE SCENE FROM THE AIR AS THE STRICKEN VESSEL MADE HER WAY TOWARDS THE EAST COAST: *Left*—The British tug *Turmoil* (left) and the French trawler *Gai Floréal*, stand by as the vessel reaches the coast at Felixstowe. *Right*—The *Mildrid* seen under tow, 15 miles off Harwich. Most of the crew of twenty-five, and four passengers who escaped in lifeboats, were rescued by the British collier *Corfen*; the last men who stayed on the ship until she was beached were taken off by the *Empire Race*.

The St. Lawrence Seaway

SOME PROGRESS AT LAST

Views of Preliminary Work in Progress on this Great but Much-Delayed Scheme

THE PREPARATIONS FOR BUILDING A HYDRO-ELECTRICITY STATION IN CONNECTION WITH THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: This model of part of the St. Lawrence River has been constructed by the Ontario Hydro Commission, the Canadian organisation which is constructing the station with help from the United States.

SOUNDING BY HELICOPTER: This part of the preliminary survey is being undertaken by a helicopter, because the waters near the Long Sault Rapids are too turbulent for ships. The ability of the helicopter to hover for long periods makes it an ideal aircraft for this purpose.

CHECKING THE WATER-LEVEL OF THE ST. LAWRENCE: These automatic gauges are placed at all strategic spots along the river.

On right—

AT WORK ON THE RIVER ITSELF: The engineer seen on the left is working an echo-sounding machine.

DRILLING ON THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE POWER-HOUSE: A crew from the Ontario Hydro Commission are seen drilling to determine the type and order of rock formations before laying the foundations.

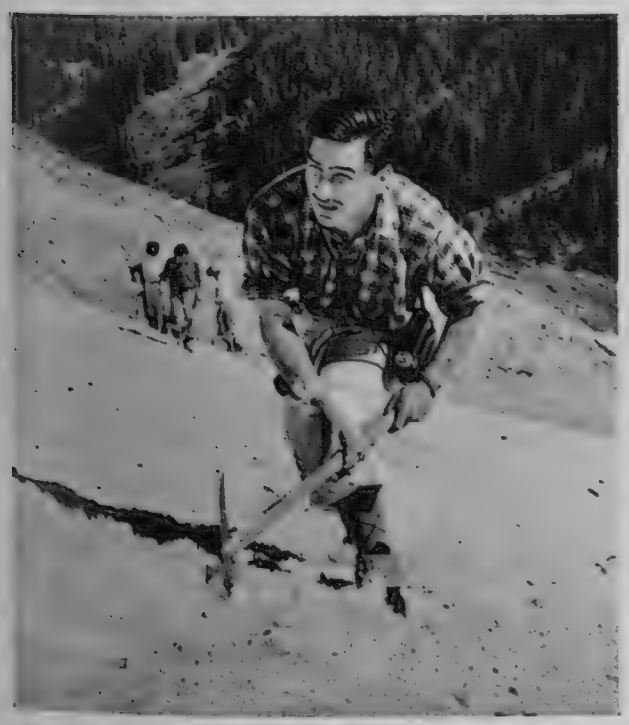
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREAT MODEL OF THE SEAWAY PLAN: With the help of this model, engineers are able to see, almost at a glance, some of the difficulties and problems they will have to overcome. Many tests can be carried out accurately on this scale model.

Twenty years ago, President Roosevelt declared in the American Congress that the St. Lawrence Seaway was, without question, going to be completed in the (then) near future by both the United States and by Canada, but the project was defeated when it came before the House, as it was when President Hoover had tried to pass it some years before. Since that time a great deal of water has tumbled over Niagara and even more hot air has come from the many political skirmishes caused as a direct result of the scheme. It was not until a few months ago that the last barriers preventing the United States and Canada from going ahead with the project were removed, when the American House of Representatives approved American participation in the scheme. But there is still much talking to be done before the work itself will start.

Briefly, the aim of the St. Lawrence Seaway scheme is to enable great ships to sail in from the Atlantic past Montreal and steam straight into the great lakes up as far as the head of Lake Superior, some 2,300 miles from the coast, thus opening up the greater part of the United States and Canadian hinterland to trans-Atlantic shipping. It entails the building of some 80 miles of canals on the south side of the St. Lawrence River, between Montreal and Lake Ontario, and also the harnessing of the waters of the St. Lawrence for hydro-electric power.

At the present time, the only work on the Seaway plan which has been carried out is that concerned with these hydro-electric projects. The pictures on this page show engineers of the Ontario Hydro Commission, who, with help from a similar United States organisation, will be building a power-house at Barnhardt Island, in the International Rapids section of the river. It is estimated that the power drawn from this power-house, alone, will be some 2,200,000 h.p. The Barnhardt Island scheme entails the most extensive and costly work among the power projects. The main features will consist of an upper control dam near Iroquois and a main dam and power-house near Cornwall. Side canals past each of the two dams will have to be built and various dykes to maintain water-level will also be necessary. The main dam will extend from the United States mainland to the head of Barnhardt Island and the closure will be completed by power-houses extending 3,500 ft. from the foot of the island to the Canadian mainland.

THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST GOES CLIMBING IN THE SWISS ALPS : Sherpa Tensing, with six other Sherpas, is seen tackling a glacier at Rosenlaui, in the Bernese Oberland. Tensing, veteran of twenty years of Himalayan climbing, has brought a party of Sherpas from Darjeeling to study Swiss methods of rock and ice climbing. This is to round off their mountaineering education before they become instructors in the new Indian mountaineering school which is being sponsored by the Bengal Government. The post-graduate course for Tensing and his companions is being supervised by Arnold Glatthard, director of the Rosenlaui Mountaineering School. With Tensing on the course is the American mountaineering author James Ramsay Ullman, who is assisting Tensing in the preparation of his autobiography, due to be published next spring. Ullman has recently returned from Nepal, where he visited Tensing's birthplace and boyhood haunts in the foothills of Everest. Tensing plans to return to India this month to make final arrangements for opening the new Himalayan Mountaineering Institute School at Darjeeling.



ON THE TRAINING GLACIER AT ROSENLAUI : Major Jayal, who will be the director of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling, is seen working up the glacier.

THE MASTER AS PUPIL : Tensing, wearing snow glasses and holding his ice-axe during training. He learns in the area where many of the great Himalayan climbers have been trained.

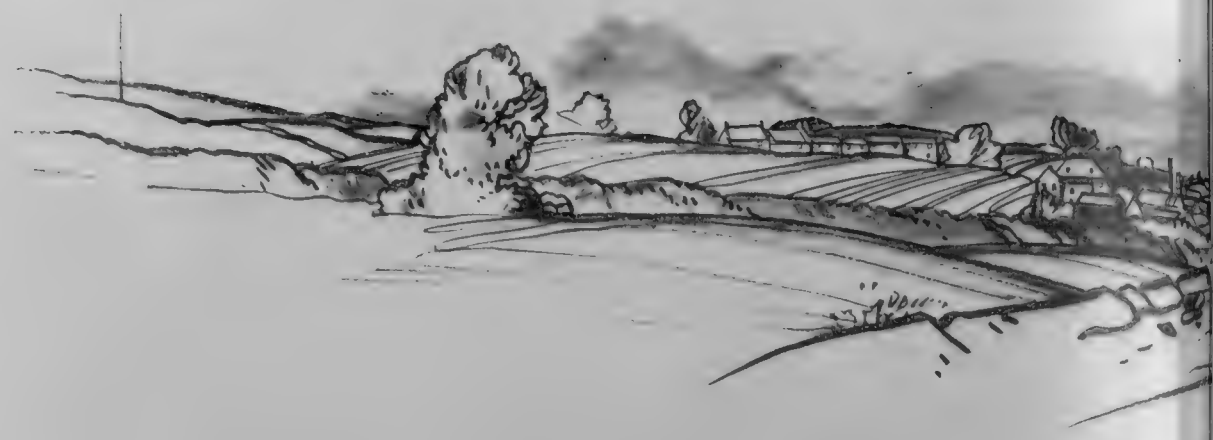
TENSING GOES TO SCHOOL

The Joint Conqueror of Everest Learns Swiss Alpine Methods Before Becoming a Mountaineering Instructor in India

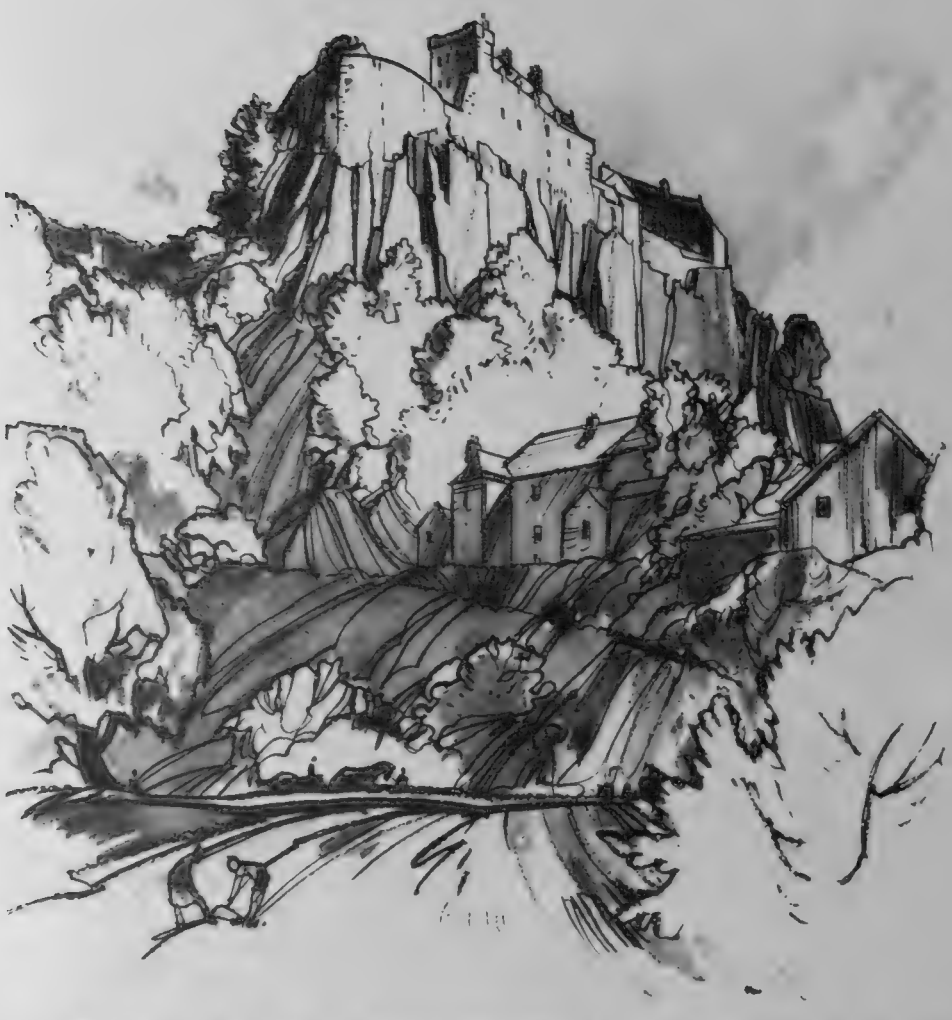
RESTORATION IN HISTORIC STIRLING

Some of the Ancient Buildings which are Affected by the Present Plans for the Preservation of the Great Scottish Burgh are Illustrated and Described

By JOHN MACKAY



THE APPROACH TO THE ANCIENT FORTRESS OF STIRLING: The main highway to the historic city from the east, with the outskirts of the town of Bannockburn on either side of the road. The flagstaff on the extreme left marks the site where the standard of King Robert the Bruce was raised before the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314. In the middle distance is the Rock of Stirling, which dominates the wide strath through which the River Forth winds.



THE IMPREGNABLE CASTLE ROCK: The forbidding aspect of the north-west face of the Castle Rock contributed to the popularity of the Castle as a resort of the Stewart kings. At different periods they greatly enhanced the architectural dignity of Stirling Castle, at the same time allowing it to retain many of its most impressive features. To-day the combined attentions of the Ministry of Works and the military authorities keep the Castle's courtyards and gardens in fine order. Stirling Castle is now the regimental depot of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief.

INSIDE THE CASTLE: James V's Palace, one of the earliest examples of Renaissance work in Scotland. It is a blending of the Gothic and the Classical, and was probably designed by the King's chief architect, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart. When the Court was at Stirling during the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was thought desirable, in those days of intrigue around the Crown, to have a palace within a castle rather than rely on the questionable safety of undefended Holyroodhouse, in Edinburgh.

In recent months considerable energy has been displayed in tackling the problem of the decay and neglect of Scotland's historic buildings. One example of this timely interest by authorities and the public in preserving Scotland's heritage is the present work in renovating and restoring the Royal Mile, in Edinburgh. Another bold scheme for the restoration of ancient buildings is now being put into effect in Stirling. Here, indeed, the first steps towards arresting the decay of the fine sixteenth-century buildings in the historic burgh were taken as long ago as 1912. The First World War, however, supervened, and it was not until 1926 that some old properties were demolished, and seventy-four new houses and four shops were erected in their place.

In 1936 the late Sir Frank Mears prepared an extensive plan which dealt with the main approaches to Stirling Castle. Wherever possible, he sought to preserve the ancient buildings, but he did not hesitate to recommend that, where this was not possible, new buildings which would blend with the surroundings should be built to take their place.

Some of these recommendations were already carried out before the last war. Now the task of preserving some of Stirling's best-known buildings is being tackled. It is likely to be an expensive operation, but Stirling is of such great historical interest that Scotsmen all over the world will not begrudge this prudent and farsighted undertaking.

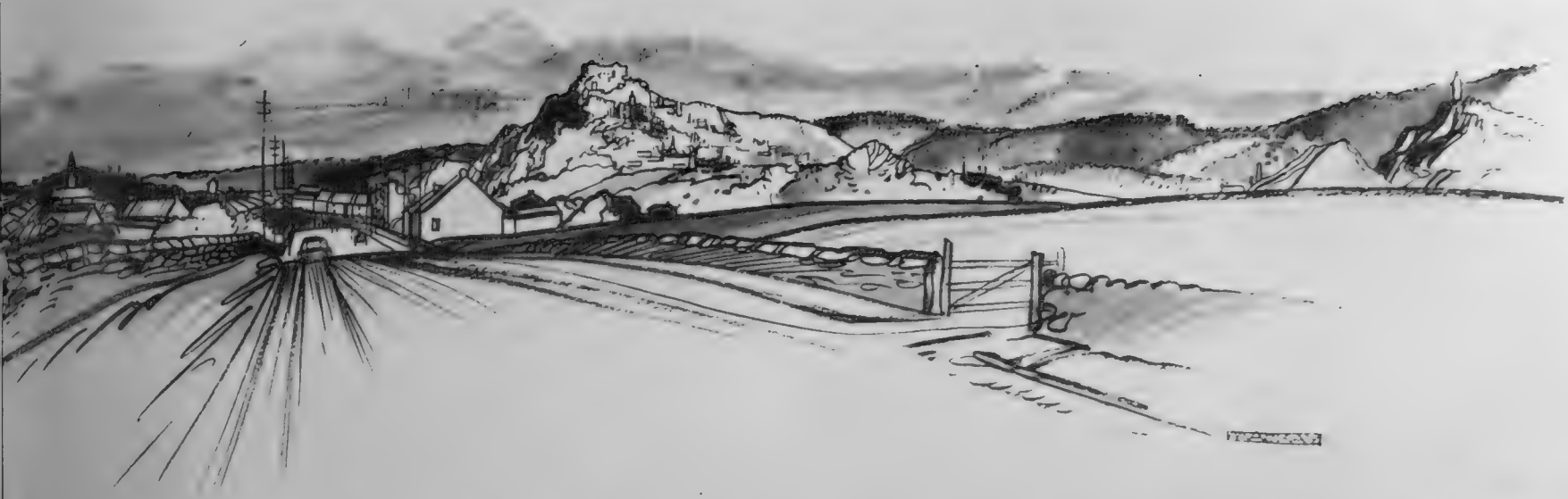
Across the narrow waist of Scotland, between Clyde and Forth, the three ancient fortresses of the country rise at the points of a shallow triangle—the Castles of Dumbarton, Stirling and Edinburgh. Stirling is at the apex—and, in such a position, the chief bulwark in the historic past against both the Highland rebel and the invading armies striking into the heart of the land from the plains to the east and the south.

As far back as the twelfth century, the comparative security of Stirling Castle made it the chosen place for the Royal Mint, and its importance in Scottish affairs increased. Finally, it became the ultimate prize in the wars of independence in the early fourteenth century, when King Robert the Bruce, following the patriot Sir William Wallace in the struggle for freedom, met King Edward II of England at Bannockburn.

Stirling continued to bear the brunt of aggression in succeeding reigns, both from within Scotland and from across the Border. More ambitious fortifications rose on the head of the rock, and at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries was enriched by architecture in keeping with a castle becoming increasingly favoured as a Royal residence. From Stirling, James IV, in the peaceful days, would hunt in the mountains to the north-west and entertain ambassadors from the Courts of Europe. Meanwhile, ever more ambitious schemes from his master-builders beautified and strengthened the Castle during this period of Scotland's history, when the nation was brought to importance and prosperity by this James of the Royal Stewarts, before his death on the battlefield of Flodden.

The town of Stirling had been growing on the slope below the Castle, and the presence of the Court caused many good buildings to take shape, especially during the latter part of the reign of James V, the father of Mary, Queen of Scots. Until the Union of the Crowns, Stirlmg was truly a Royal Burgh. Thereafter, like many places on each side of the Border, with the restrictions of living and working within town walls no longer to be observed, Stirling grew beyond its ancient limits and trade between the town and the ports of Europe flourished in the seventeenth century.

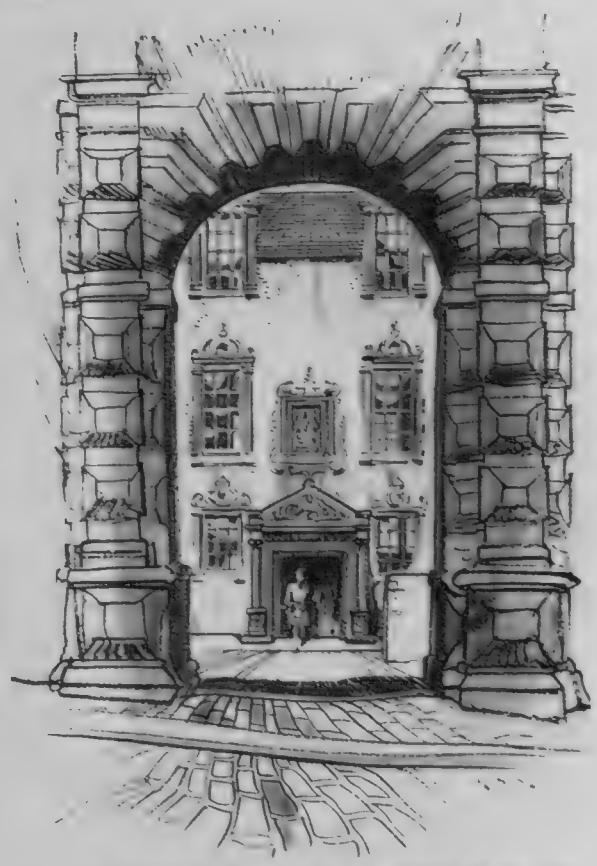
To-day, Stirling, a modest town in size by modern standards, is nevertheless, by virtue of its position, an important place in relation to the surrounding country. Agricultural engineering is one of its many employments. There are coal-mining areas at hand and the residential part of the town grows on the level lands by the windings of the River Forth beyond the old Burgh limits. But municipal attention has turned again to that old part, to the preservation and practical use of its heritage of good and historic building—a timely act for the benefit of the town, when it is realised that Stirling is an important centre on one of the main arteries, carrying the ever-increasing tourist traffic to the Highlands.



On left—
NOT IN NEED OF RECONSTRUCTION : This house, set on the higher slopes of Stirling Rock, at the top of St. John's Street, adjoining the Church of the Holy Rude, is one of the few sixteenth-century buildings which have been maintained in good condition and which are not in need of reconstruction. It was built about 1520, and was probably the town "ludging" of Bailie Robert Bruce, himself a descendant of the great Scottish king.

On right—
ON THE SLOPE OF THE CASTLE APPROACHES : At right is Mar's Wark, the entrance to the town house of John, Earl of Mar. In the centre is the choir of the Church of the Holy Rude, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was crowned in 1542 at the age of eight months. In the distance is Bailie Robert Bruce's house.

STIRLING GUILDHALL : The Guildhall, seen here from the grounds of the Church of the Holy Rude, is also called Cowane's Hospital. This is explained in the inscription over the entrance : "This hospitall was erected and largely provyded by John Cowane Dean of Gild for the entertainement of decayed Gild Breither—John Cowane 1639." It was, in fact, a guildhall—a home for elder brethren—in the strictest sense.



THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MANSION OF ITS PERIOD IN SCOTLAND : The main doorway to the courtyard of the Argyll Lodging. This house was built in 1630 and was purchased by the 1st Marquess of Argyll in 1655. It occupies a commanding position facing the Castle approach, and since the eighteenth century has been in use almost continually as a military hospital.

RESTORATION IN HISTORIC STIRLING
(Continued)

On right—

AT THE CENTRE POINT IN THE PLAN FOR RECONSTRUCTION AND REBUILDING: On the left is the Tolbooth, with Broad Street sloping up towards the Castle. In the centre is Darnley's House, and at right, Moir of Leckie's House. In the sixteenth century Darnley's House was the property of the Erskines of Mar, hereditary keepers of Stirling Castle. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the house was known as Jonet Kilbowie's Tavern, a meeting-place for the dignitaries of the Burgh on festive occasions. Moir of Leckie's House was built about 1660 by David Moir, a member of an influential Stirlingshire family. The waste ground shown in the foreground covers the site of what was once a terraced garden overlooking the plain to the east. The present view of Broad Street, at left, has only been revealed since the various tenements and closes, huddled around Kilbowie's Tavern, were demolished, leaving space for replanning to facilitate the preservation of the best of the architecture in the centre of old Stirling.

On left—

TOWN CLERK NORIE'S LUDGING: This building, erected by Stirling's town clerk in 1671, is seen here to the right of the Mercat Cross. It is expected to be included in the scheme for restoration. The ludging, which faces the Tolbooth, in Broad Street, shows the influence of the domestic architecture of the Netherlands during that period. This was brought about by the interest of local merchants (who were then engaged in a thriving trade between Stirling shore and the ports of Holland), in the attractive façades of the towns of the Low Countries. The rebuilding of Norie's House has been ascribed to the order for demolishment and re-erection of ruinous tenements issued by the magistrates in 1671.

On right—

GLENGARRY LODGE, IN SPITTAL STREET: The restoration of this building will preserve one of the characteristic dwellings of the merchantmen and high officials of the Burgh when the Royal household held court within the confines of the Castle on the hill in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

OLD AND NEW STIRLING MERGE SUCCESSFULLY: The remains of demolished property on the approach to the Castle frame part of the recently completed block of buildings in Baker Street, which were erected to the design of the late Sir Frank Mears. *On left—* **Some other houses, completed in 1937, after Sir Frank Mears's scheme, at the head of Broad Street. On the left are the buttressed walls of the Church of the Holy Rude, and between the new houses rises the tower of the Tolbooth, or Town House, in the area where much of the renovating and rebuilding in Stirling is taking place.**

A WELSH PROPERTY FOR THE NATION

350 Acres of Land in the Gower Peninsula, Glamorgan, Pass to the National Trust

LOOKING EASTWARDS FROM PWLL DU HEAD TOWARDS CASWELL BAY, IN THE GOWER PENINSULA, GLAMORGAN: The headland and the cliffs shown in the centre of the picture have been given to the National Trust by Mrs. F. W. Gilbertson and Mrs. Hugh Vivian; altogether, the gift comprises 350 acres of land, and includes picturesque Bishopston Valley. The views from the cliffs and the unspoilt grandeur of the land itself make the property an important addition to the land in South Wales already protected by the Trust. Gower Peninsula is a mass of limestone 15 miles long and between 5 to 6 miles wide. Near by is The Mumbles.

Below—

ALL THIS COASTLINE IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST: A view looking westwards from the cliffs to the west of Brandy Cove, near Oystermouth; to the right is Pwll Du Bay, with Pwll Du Head on the left. Brandy Cove was once a smugglers' haunt.

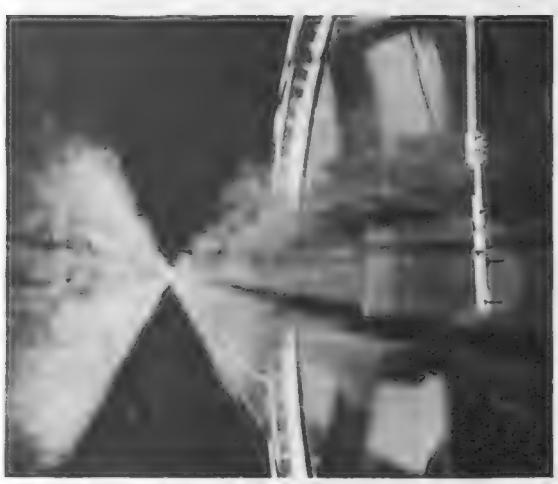
FRANCE'S SOLAR ENERGY STATION

A Giant Burning-Glass at Mont Louis, in the Pyrenees, is Being Used Experimentally to Melt Rare Metals

HIDDEN behind fortress walls, and protected by an armed guard, giant mirrors are capturing the rays of the sun and putting them to work. A group of scientists have established the world's most advanced centre for solar energy research in the seventeenth-century fortress of Mont Louis, in the Eastern Pyrenees. Already they have obtained from the sun a temperature of 3,000 deg. C.—half of the total heat given off by its surface, 93,000,000 miles distant through space.

The old fort is now an Army barracks as well as a research station; visitors are few and they must show their passes to a security guard of French parachutists at the gates. Inside, the seventeenth-century setting fades before the spectacle of things to come. Huge mirrors stand against the blue sky, on a high platform. One is flat, 10 tons in weight, and consists of 520 sections, each 18 ins. square. It is called the "orientor," and by an arrangement of photo-electric cells automatically follows the sun across the sky. The "orientor" turns on a mounting which allows it to move 90 degs. to each side and 25 degs. backwards, so that throughout the day the sun shines directly on to its surface. From there the rays are reflected into another mirror, immovable and concave, placed at a distance of 22 yards. This one is 12 yards in diameter, weighs 12 tons, and has a surface of 98 sq. yards, composed of 3,500 individual mirrors. A network of metal fittings depresses each mirror in its centre, so that each section as well as the whole is slightly concave.

When the sun is shining, as it usually is in the Eastern Pyrenees, the rays are reflected into the concave mirror. From an ordinary mirror they would bounce off again in parallel lines, thus diffusing their heat. The concave mirror concentrates them at the same point in space, about 6½ yards from the centre of the mirror. At this focal point, the concentrated rays produce a temperature of 3,000 deg. C.



THE FOCAL POINT: Smoke shows where the sun's rays are concentrated. Although at this spot the temperature is 3,000 deg. C., half an inch to either side of the focal point there is little heat and nothing will burn.

If a suitable open furnace is placed at this point of concentration, metals can be melted inside it. On either side of the focal point, there is no intense heat; workmen can approach within inches of the furnace and throw in substances for testing without being burned.

Because of the highly localised effect, it is necessary to turn the powdered metal inside the furnace, so that the heat acts on every part of it. The furnace revolves at speed, inside a water-cooling system, and gives off a white-hot glare as long as the sun is "switched on." The powdered metals, flung against its inner walls by centrifugal force, leave a space for the rays to penetrate, and to accumulate. The results obtained depend on the speed of rotation, the length of the treatment, and the density of the material to be fused.

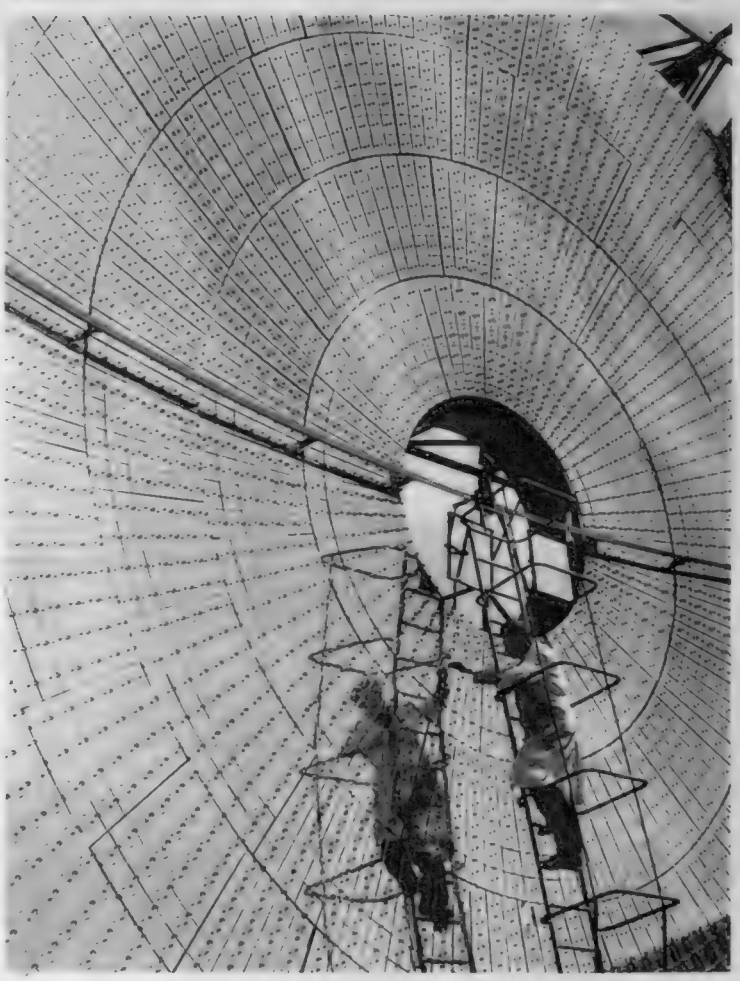
To switch off the heat, an aluminium curtain is lowered in front of the furnace, destroying the focal point so that the sun's rays waste their diffused heat on the aluminium. It takes several hours for the furnace to lose its heat. Eventually the scientists expect to achieve far more than 3,000 degs., but they intend to stop when they reach 4,000; at higher temperatures the whole installation is likely to melt under their eyes!

The concentration of energy depends upon several factors: the number of mirrors, their size, the mirrors' distance from the focal point, and the angle of attack of the sun. At Mont Louis the sun-power is reckoned as 1 kilowatt per sq. yard, as an average. Two smaller installations at the research station have a power of 2 kilowatts; the large mirrors give a power of 75 kilowatts.

Under the direction of Professor Félix Trombe, director of research for the Centre Nationale de Recherche Scientifique, the team is using the sun-furnace to test rare metals. Since the beginning of this year they have produced and studied 1 ton of processed metal. Sun-power is the only form of energy which produces a completely refined and pure metal, capable of standing up to the greatest stresses to which it can be subjected. Mont Louis produces on a small scale, for laboratory purposes, what may be produced in large quantities when solar energy becomes practicable for factory use. Scientists in America are already experimenting with similar processed metals to find their potential uses. One probable application is in components of jet engines.

The local inhabitants of Mont Louis refer to the scientists jokingly as "the sorcerers who are trying to steal our sunshine." The future may hold a kind of sorcery in sun-power, but the scientists have definite and practical objectives. The main application of solar energy will be in the purification of raw materials in the metallurgic and ceramic industries, which would use installations similar to the one at Mont Louis. High temperatures would be obtained directly from the sun. But there is also the possibility of using solar energy to produce other, more convenient forms of energy. The sun can be used to heat water to drive turbines, or to produce electricity by its action on photo-electric cells.

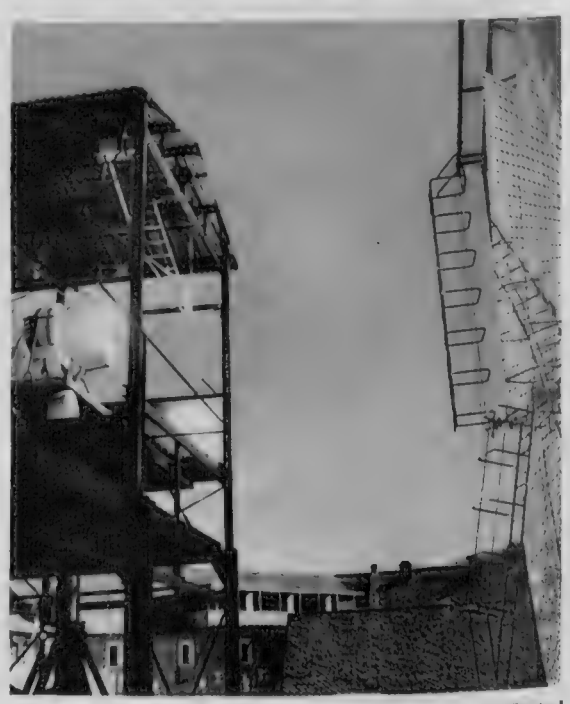
Solar energy could bring to peoples with much sunshine but little wealth every form of power they need. Its greatest significance would be to the huge population of Indian and African countries, lacking cheap sources of power. These countries, and others, have set up their own research stations, all less advanced than Mont Louis but benefiting from longer and stronger sunshine. At New Delhi, among other demonstration models, a kitchen oven was made, drawing its heat from a mirror outside the house. Pandit Nehru was so impressed with it that he has had one installed in his home. For British housewives, this idea seems much less practicable.



THE SOLAR ENERGY PLANT AT MONT LOUIS, IN THE PYRENEES: This arrangement of giant mirrors is capable of focusing the sun's rays to produce at one point a temperature of 3,000 deg. C. The flat mirror on the right reflects on to the concave mirror, which concentrates the rays to a focal point 6½ yards from its centre. There, housed in the metal structure, is a furnace.

MELTING AN IRON BAR: A scientist melts the bar at the focal point.

***On left*—The burning-glass: each of the 3,500 mirrors which make up the 12-ton concave mirror is itself concave, thus increasing the rays' concentration.**



THE FURNACE IN ACTION: The mirror focuses the reflected rays on to the furnace. It is shut off by dropping an aluminium curtain in the path of the sun's rays.

THE COLLECTIVE FARM SQUARE OF MOSCOW'S AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION : A general view of the exhibition site on the opening day of the Soviet Union's Agricultural Exhibition. Soldiers and sailors were well to the fore, lining the lanes through which the crowds of spectators moved to visit the various pavilions, gardens and squares. The exhibition, which was opened by the Minister of Agriculture, was visited by all the leaders in the Soviet hierarchy, including Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Molotov.

RUSSIA'S AGRICULTURE ON SHOW

The Pavilions and Squares of the U.S.S.R. Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow, which was Visited by the Chief Soviet Leaders

The elaborate exhibition which was opened in Moscow at the end of last month has drawn considerable attention to the state of the Soviet Union's agriculture. Each year there is news of threats from party leaders that production in certain provinces and states, or of different types, is not up to expectations. Although the Soviet leaders who visited the exhibition expressed considerable satisfaction with what they saw, it was apparent that much more is expected of collective farmers in all the territories of the Soviet Union. Almost the entire emphasis of the stock-breeding and dairy exhibits was laid on the amount of milk or wool one particular cow or sheep had produced during the past year. The organisers seemed satisfied with showing one or two Stakhanovite animals rather than improving breeding as a whole. The same applies to some extent to the machinery, and the leaders themselves pointed out that it was not enough to exhibit the machinery, but that practical demonstrations of its use to farmers should also be given.

THE PAVILION OF MECHANISATION AND ELECTRIFICATION : This exhibition hall attracted considerable attention, and also some criticism from the party leaders. It was felt that it was not enough to exhibit the machinery, but that there should also be demonstrations.

A BIZARRE COLLECTION OF EXHIBITION BUILDINGS : Another view of the Collective Farm Square, showing some of the pavilions of the Agricultural Exhibition. Among the greatest attractions were apparently the fountains in the centre of the square. Most of the Soviet states had a pavilion of their own, and other buildings exhibited water resources and sheep-breeding.

TAKING THEIR EASE IN THE MECHANISATION SQUARE : The peaceful side of the Soviet Agricultural Exhibition as visitors stroll round the ornamental lake or just lounge about in the sun. The buildings, decorations and the planting of greenery were for the most part produced specially for this year's exhibition. This year the Soviet leaders laid special emphasis on the need for Soviet farmers to utilise every available acre of land and to make best use of their new machinery.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN

On left—

EISTEDDFOD IN THE RAIN : The Archdruid and the Crown Bard, the Rev. E. LLwyd Williams, a Baptist Minister from Ammanford, are seen taking part in the procession from the pavilion after the crowning ceremony at the National Eisteddfod, held this year at Ystradgynlais. As is usual during the adjudication for the Bardic Crown, the audience were given no indication of who was going to be the winner until the Archdruid called upon him to stand up in the audience. The Rev. E. Llywd Williams is a well-known Welsh writer and won the Chair at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod last year.

"LUCKY" LAYCOCK IS TO BE THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MALTA : Major-General Robert E. Laycock is seen with his wife and his four children in the grounds of their home at Winkfield, near Ascot. When it was announced that the Queen had approved his appointment last week, it was also announced that he was to be a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. General Laycock was best known as Chief of Combined Operations, a post which he held from 1943 until 1947.

PROGRESS AT GRAY'S INN : This photograph of the South Square shows the progress made in rebuilding the chapel, which is seen on the left, and the Treasury, during the past few months. On the right of the picture is a statue of Sir Francis Bacon, who was a student at the Inn in 1576. Gray's Inn Square was almost completely destroyed during the war, but most of it has now been rebuilt.

A COLOURFUL VIET-NAMESE MARRIAGE CEREMONY HELD IN LONDON : Miss Yvonne Ngoc-Lang, the daughter of the Viet Namese Minister in London, and Nguyen Huu Tinh, a Viet Namese engineer from Paris, are seen bowing low before the altar of the bride's ancestors, after they had been married at Kensington Register Office. This ceremony is believed to be the first of its kind held in London. The silk wedding-dress worn by Miss Ngoc-Lang (who is nearer the camera in this picture) will never be worn by her again until it is placed over her body after death.

THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE CENTRE AT BRIGHTON : A view eastwards along the Brighton front, showing the block of premises, stretching from West Street to Russell Street, which is on the site of the proposed building. It is planned that the hall will be able to seat some 5,000 people, so making it possible to accommodate the largest conference. There would also be a concert hall, winter garden, restaurants, and space for trade fairs. The early plans envisage a building about six storeys high and costing some £1,750,000, taking three or four years to build.

BRITAIN'S NEW HEAVY-WATER ATOMIC REACTOR AT HARWELL: This view shows the control panel and exterior of a new experimental reactor now in operation at Harwell. Called "Dimple," it is a low-powered neutron research reactor. The heavy-water moderator is contained in a tank which is surrounded by a graphite neutron reflector; outside this is a concrete radiation shield. The reactor fuel is submerged in the heavy water and the type of fuel, and its arrangement, can be changed in a few days—in effect, a different type of reactor can be built up very quickly. It is being used for experimental work on the design of a much larger heavy-water reactor being built at Harwell.

A PRIZE-WINNING GARDEN AT WHITCHURCH LOCK, ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR PANGBOURNE: This picture shows the motor-vessel *Grayfinch* passing through the lock, which was awarded the Sir Reginald Hanson Challenge Cup for the best-kept garden at any Thames lock. The gardens are kept by the lock-keepers, who take great pride in them. The cup, which is awarded annually, was first competed for in 1904.

A PLASTIC SPEEDBOAT AT COWES: This new speedboat, whose designer, Mr. J. F. Hutchings, is at the wheel, has a plastic hull. It has an overall length of 13 ft. 4 ins., a 5-ft. beam, and is capable of a speed of 28-30 m.p.h. It weighs only 600 lb., compared with the 800 lb. of an all-wood craft. Another great advantage is that the hull is cheap and easy to build. Skilled woodworkers are short in the boat-building industry and relatively unskilled labour can be used on plastic boats. Initially, the boat will cost £495.

PART OF THE FAMOUS CHILLINGHAM HERD OF WILD WHITE CATTLE, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, SHOWING THE NEW MONARCH: The powerful bull, seen third from the left in this picture, recently gained dominion of the herd from his father, after a long combat one morning. The old bull had headed the herd for eight years, which is a record for any one bull in this herd, but after the fight with his offspring he retired hurt, leaving the younger bull as monarch. As the old bull had headed the herd for such a long time, his fall did not come easy, and, after sulking in the thickets around Chillingham for a few days, he came out and challenged the youngster, but was again defeated.

On left—

BRITAIN'S FIRST FIGHTER AIRCRAFT CAPABLE OF REACHING THE SPEED OF SOUND IN LEVEL FLIGHT: The English Electric twin-jet P-1, which made a successful maiden flight last week. Very few details of the aircraft have yet been released, except that it is powered by two Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jet engines. From the photograph it can be seen that these two turbo-jet engines are placed one above the other, thus cutting down on the width of the fuselage and making greater opportunities for streamlining. It would also appear that the aircraft is fitted with an all-flying tail-plane. After the maiden flight, the pilot, Wing-Commander R. P. Beamont, chief test pilot to the English Electric Company, said that the P-1 handled perfectly. The design of this very advanced aircraft required much special equipment, including a transonic wind-tunnel which was the first of its type in England.

MEMORIES OF THE SCOTTISH MOORS

Personal Reminiscences of Golden Days in the Highlands

By JOHN GORE

THE ROMANCE OF EUSTON 7.20 P.M.—It is many years now since I made my "annual pilgrimage" to the Highlands by train. It is more economical to flog up the Great North Road in an overloaded flivver, and since a car is necessary in Scotland and the cost of harnessing it to a train has become astronomical, the road is the only way.

But still the romance of the evening mail from Euston is a vivid memory which becomes acute in early August. The drive across dreary Bloomsbury, the weighing of luggage, the search for sleepers, the dogs in the van, the piles of luggage, gun-cases, rods, the chance acquaintances to become fellow-travellers, sunset behind Harrow Hill, the clank of milk cans at Carlisle, the passage of Shap, the dimness of Perth station, the grey mists at Drumochter, breakfast in the glens of Rothiemurchus. They are pleasant memories, dating back to the Victorian age, when breakfast was an affair of baskets handed in at Kingussie and included those solid, satisfying, floury "baubee baps."

Far pleasanter than the long, long road and, in those days, cheaper. And, of course, the thrills and glories awaiting us at the end of the journey are not, all of them, what they were, although the first gulp of Highland air, the first sight of the remembered and loved hills and heather, still work their eternal enchantment. But it must not be forgotten that if the train journey was swift and reasonably comfortable, the Victorian traveller faced at the end of it certain trials and discomforts which to-day he is not called on to endure. Often enough, he must drive from railhead over tracks or rough roads for 30 miles in a two-horsed, open "machine," protected against the rain with nothing more waterproof than an "Inverness Cape," too often an efficient sponge at the end of the journey; and arrival at the lodge at last was sometimes made melancholy with fatigue, cold and hunger, soon enough banished for the duration by the return of the sun, a bath and the promise of sport.

These memories are perhaps materialistic. Like my grandfather before me, shooting rivalled the natural beauties of the Highlands in my addiction to Scotland for a holiday. We were neither of us endowed with this world's goods. He in his youth was a clerk in a minor Government office and his basic salary, until he gained a plum at the age of twenty-eight, was never more than £150 a year. He was forced to travel north by sea, and how he managed year after year to spend six weeks every autumn in Scotland and pay his way is a secret locked in the archives of the "Pay Office" of his day. But his shooting diaries are evidence that he did so. Year after year in the early 1830's, he shot at Pitfour, Arndilly, Altyre, Glantully, Glenfiddich, Glenfeshie, Taymouth and many of Lord Dalhousie's moors, and stalked on Black Mount and Mar Forests.

Percy Chubb and Drynachan.—My own golden memories of old days in the Highlands are chiefly bound up with autumn visits, year after year, to Glenferness, and to the Great Cawdor Moors and Drynachan Lodge, in Nairnshire.

It is forty years since Percy Chubb, of New York, who built up a big fortune by tenacity, shrewdness and integrity, having made scores of friends in England, found Drynachan Lodge in a niche of the Nairnshire Hills and transformed it by his peculiar genius and energy into a paradise for sportsmen and a centre of goodfellowship. The lodge was, even then, old, and no stranger to sport, for the men of the Cawdor family had used it for generations, driving over for week-long visits from the Castle, carrying their guns and equipment and vegetables to eke out the food they shot. The lodge was small and inconspicuous, each austere little bedroom having its gun-rack, while the living-room was adorned with sporting frescoes by famous artists and the wooden shutters branded with the annual bags.

When Percy Chubb took a long lease of the moor, he greatly enlarged the accommodation and increased the comforts, but so wisely and inconspicuously that it seemed no larger and bore no traces of luxury or blatancy.

Then (as now, while it is temporarily deserted) it was very remote; a solitude and a gateway to solitude. Set in the shelter of a fir wood, where a tempestuous burn flows into a broad bend of the lovely Findhorn, it is still separated from "Civilisation" by seven miles, or more, of moorland road, sometimes impassable in winter.

In the middle of August in those days, the lodge came alive and into its own. The moorland road, for the most part a one-way track, carried a heavy traffic of Daimlers and lorries and tradesmen's vans, a team of ponies moved up to accommodate the older "guns" and the panniers, and as many as fifty University students might be brought over for the shooting days, to be housed and catered for in the big bothies beside the lodge. Down at the lodge the activity was great. London chauffeurs, loaders, and butlers and valets seemed strangely out of place in that remote and wild setting, the big cars were crowded into the big wood-sheds, the kennels were filled and noisy with shooting dogs, and newly-arrived guests were soon appropriating their allotted little bedrooms or strolling down to the iron bridge to read the water-gauge and decide if the near-by salmon pools were worth casting over that evening. It was wonderful to wake early on the first shooting day. The settlement was early astir, dogs barking, ponies neighing, the army of beaters marshalled and waiting on the decision where to march. It depended on the shift of wind and other imponderables, now being decided between Percy Chubb and the famous head keeper, Archie Sutherland, with his head thrust through the window of the former's bedroom.

It might be the long, six-mile trek up the face to Juniper or to distant Corrour, or nearer home on Daless or the Bald Taylor; or wonderful drives round Drynachan or the Widow Gordon's burns, or "Smoky" or "The Tooth" or Six-mile Bridge. Some of these famous drives were named from corruptions of Gaelic place-names, some from ancient local history, some from incidents in long-past seasons. "Smoky" no doubt recalled black powder, "The Tooth" commemorated a gun who long ago left his dentures on his butt and forgot them in his enthusiasm for the pick-up.

A Team of Cracks.—Percy Chubb had many friends and he liked the best of good company and bumper bags. So he chose his guests with care, both as good shots and good companions, and he saw to it that some pretty women should leaven the lump when shooting was over and feasting began. The young aspirant began his first drive a little daunted by the cracks; for among the regulars were some classic shots, such as Harry Stonor, George Thursby, Lord Ilchester, Dick Molyneux, Merrick Burrell, Lawrence Philipps; Lord Haig and Lord Harlech, Vere Chaplin and Colonel Hankey usually came each year, and among the younger guests were such efficient shots as Geoffrey Colman, Jack Leslie, Hubert Pilkington and the owner of the moor, Lord Cawdor. Dinner was often deferred till nine o'clock and then there would be bridge and on at least one memorable occasion Ruth Draper gave us her repertoire and declared that the audience of keepers and beaters took every point in her technique more quickly and appreciatively than a London or New York house.

They were golden days between the wars, when bags of 300 brace a day were common enough and very necessary to cope with the stock of birds. But shooting statistics make dismal reading at any time and especially because those great days of plenty have never returned; the grouse declined to vanishing point, and if ever again they returned in such quantities, the problem of dealing with them under modern economic conditions would be insoluble. The memories remain to the survivors. The host, the great keeper, and at least eight of the named guests are dead now, but the fame of Drynachan during Percy Chubb's tenancy is very vivid and lively still.

"Olim Meminisse."—Glenferness, incomparably beautiful, is a much smaller moor, more of the size of the Mackintosh's famous Moy, and if not quite so prolific, it was usually consistent and always enchanting. My memories of it go back much further, indeed for sixty years, and year after year from my Oxford days it offered me the best that a Londoner could ask in the way of a holiday. The guns were usually young and intimate friends, and after the business of the day there was more dancing than bridge between dinner and bed. Of that young company the toll taken by wars, time and chance has been heavy indeed, but the enchanting house in a bend of the Findhorn and the moor, itself, are still in being and the old traditions are maintained by a new generation. Or all of them that can still be maintained. No longer do the guests wake to the skirl of the pipes, and motor-cars have succeeded the pony four-in-hands which formerly took us to the farthest beat beside Lochindorb.

There are Lowland memories also, connected less with sport and more with history. The charms of Edinburgh, first fostered by Scott and Stevenson, the romance and snugness of the Border Country (and not always snugness), the lovely reaches of the Tweed, the guardian Eildon Hills. There are memories of Skye, its beauty and its brooding sorrows, and of the road to the Isles winding by lovely lochs and under darkling hills to the haven of homecoming for many a wanderer.

A Thrill Which Will Not Fade.—A shocking admission as a tail-piece. The history, the romance, the natural beauties of Scotland, and the kindly welcome of its inhabitants are warm and vivid as memories and never fade, but that which remains with me most vivid, and even grows in intensity, is still the memory of any first drive on a well-stocked grouse-moor.

After much time and labour you reach your allotted butt, your loader loads your guns and lays one on the butt-top before you. You have perhaps half an hour to wait before "the trouble begins" and you will strain your eyes across the empty foreground away to the far horizon where at the moment "*nihil est nisi gramen et aer.*" The line of butts stretches down the face of the hill. There are guns above you and guns below you. Out in front on either side you get a glimpse of the flankers, whose job is so important, a movement of a cap or a pin-point of white from a furled flag.

At last, miles away, you note a sheep rising over the far horizon, and soon after, a flag and a line of flags, and then, still far off, a group of black spots, like bees appearing, move into the foreground to pitch again. And then at last you grip your gun and your loader holds his in readiness, as guns crack off below or above you, and now, straight to your front, six or seven bees, birds, *busses*, black and growing blacker, charge straight at your head, and though you vowed to shoot far out in front, they are over your butt and almost out of shot before you have burned powder. . . . Illogical, childish, deplorable that *homo sapiens* should derive so intense a thrill from "knocking down innocent birds with a scattergun." But somehow, in a down-wind drive, it doesn't always work out that way, even for the crack!

I agree with the humanitarians that many forms of sport, not least of shooting, and especially when the sportsmen are ignorant and inexperienced, cause needless cruelty, though not to equal the cruelty of Nature. And I agree with some of the arguments of those who deplore the illogicality of *homo sapiens* in taking pleasure in killing any living creature, though *homo sapiens*, too, is a child of Nature. But somehow the golden haze of Highland memories and experience of grouse-driving in difficult and uncomfortable conditions cause me to except grouse-driving from the general indictment and to conclude that in that form of shooting the victim has a fifty-fifty chance with his would-be killer.

Shameful, illogical it may be . . . but my golden memories of Highland autumns are not tarnished by my memories of grouse-driving. On the contrary.

"THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH" IN PERTHSHIRE: Members of Mr. Tom M. Burrell's shoot at Lochan, near Amulree, seen making their way uphill on the opening day of last year's grouse-shooting season. In his article, John Gore comments on the golden days between the wars, when bags of 300 brace a day were common.

THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST : Field-Marshal Montgomery is seen taking the salute at the parade, in which 840 cadets took part. Guests at the parade, held in a drizzle of rain, included the Duchess of Kent, whose son was among the cadets ; the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding ; General Sir Gerald Templer ; and General Sir Brian Robertson. The cadets wore blue No. 1 dress with white waistbelts and gloves.

E INSPECTION : Field-Marshal Montgomery, without his famous battledress, casts a critical eye on the cadet whose trousers have ridden up and whose waistbelt seems to have sagged somewhat.

PASSING-OUT AT SANDHURST

Viscount Montgomery was There to Take the Salute on Behalf of the Queen at the Sovereign's Parade

The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra watched Field-Marshal Montgomery last week take the salute on behalf of the Queen at the Sovereign's passing-out parade at Sandhurst. The Duke of Kent was one of the 840 cadets who took part in it.

About 220 cadets of the senior division were leaving Sandhurst to take up their commissions in the army. For the parade they wore the blue No. 1 dress with white waistbelts and white gloves, which was nearly spoiled by the drizzle which fell on the parade.

The cadets spend eighteen months at the academy and there is a new intake every six months. Before they enter they have to spend six months in the ranks of a regular regiment, or they can enter straight from school by competitive examination. They pay no fees but, on the contrary, draw five shillings a day while they are there.

After the parade Viscount Montgomery addressed the cadets and presented the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer B. L. G. Kenny, the best cadet of the term, and the Queen's Medal to Senior Under Officer D. H. A Swinburn, who was first in order of merit.

THE TERM'S BEST CADET : Viscount Montgomery is seen presenting the Sword of Honour to Senior Under Officer B. L. G. Kenny, judged the best cadet of the term. The Queen's Medal, for the first in order of merit, went to Senior Under Officer D. H. A. Swinburn.

ROYAL SPECTATORS : The Duchess of Kent was among the distinguished visitors at Sandhurst who watched the passing-out parade. Sitting with her in the front row are : (left to right) Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., the Duchess, Mrs. R. G. S. Hibbs and Princess Alexandra.

ISRAEL'S PROJECTED HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANT ON THE JORDAN RIVER : This project is part of Israel's nation-wide irrigation and power plan ; here it involves damming the Jordan and channelling its waters into a new riverbed which would take it the fourteen kilometres to the Sea of Galilee, on a more gradual incline than at present. The picture above shows the two riverbeds—the old one on the left, the new on the right. There would be a final fall of water sufficient to generate hydro-electric power. But work on it has been temporarily abandoned because Syria has protested to the United Nations recently that this scheme—the dam site lies in the demilitarised strip along Israel's border—increases the military power of Israel and prevents the Arab countries from drawing on the Jordan waters themselves. Work has been stopped on it, therefore, until the Security Council reaches a decision. The main object of the Israelis is to reclaim the Negev Desert.

WATER FOR ISRAEL

By a Comprehensive Irrigation Scheme, the Israelis Plan to Make their Deserts Blossom and to Support Twice their Present Population

PITS FOR PUMPING STATIONS : These great excavations will later house a pumping station and pipelines to take water from the River Yarkon to the Negev Desert. This is another part of Israel's nation-wide irrigation plan for the next 15 years.

DAM BUILDERS : Labourers work on the dam across the Kishon River that will create the Kfar Baruch Reservoir. The Israelis hope that, with irrigation, their land will be capable of fully supporting twice the present population of 1,500,000.

In the parched Galilee hills and on the plains of the Negev Desert, Israel is pushing forward work on a national irrigation scheme that will integrate all the water resources of the country into a single network.

Giant tractors and excavating machines are hollowing out valleys and wadis into great bowls. Reservoirs are being built, pipelines laid, and pumping stations installed. Deep drilling techniques with modern machinery have led to the discovery of water in areas previously considered hopeless, in the mountains of Galilee, Ephraim and Judea. Rich water-bearing strata near Beersheba and in other parts of the northern Negev, where vast areas of loess (a sand-clay soil) land are available for cultivation, have recently been tapped.

The system will utilise all water sources, local and regional. Its main task will be to carry water from the north, where it is plentiful, and where land reserves are limited, to the south, where the opposite is the case. Its major objectives are a vast increase in the country's irrigated area and reclamation of large parts of the Negev Desert.

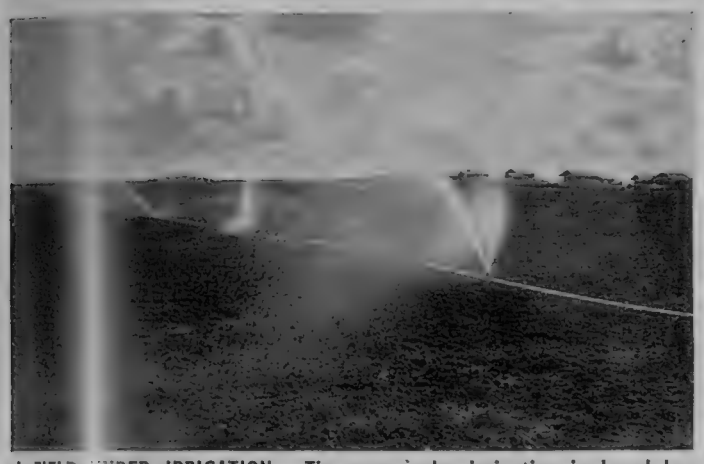
In ancient Palestine, 3,000,000 people lived upon the resources of the land in the area now enclosed within the boundaries of Israel. To-day, the population of the country is only 1,500,000, and yet the country produces only 50 per cent. of its agricultural needs. The difference lies to a large extent in the Negev.

Archæologists have proved that in ancient times the Negev flowered. Traces of ancient water conservation systems have been uncovered, and the ruins of cities like Sbeitla and Abda deep in the desert testify to the fact that life was once possible on what to-day are barren unproductive wastes. To-day, Israel means to make the Negev flower again.

The only setback Israel has suffered in its water development programme followed the recent Syrian protest to the United Nations over construction of an Israeli dam on the Jordan. Syria based its protest on the grounds that the Israeli project would prevent the Arab countries from drawing on Jordan waters for their own use, and Israel abandoned work on the dam pending a U.N. decision. A detailed plan whereby both Israel and the Arab countries would benefit by development of the Jordan, prepared by President Eisenhower's special envoy, Eric Johnson, is now under study. Meantime, work continues undiminished on Israel's overall water development plan.

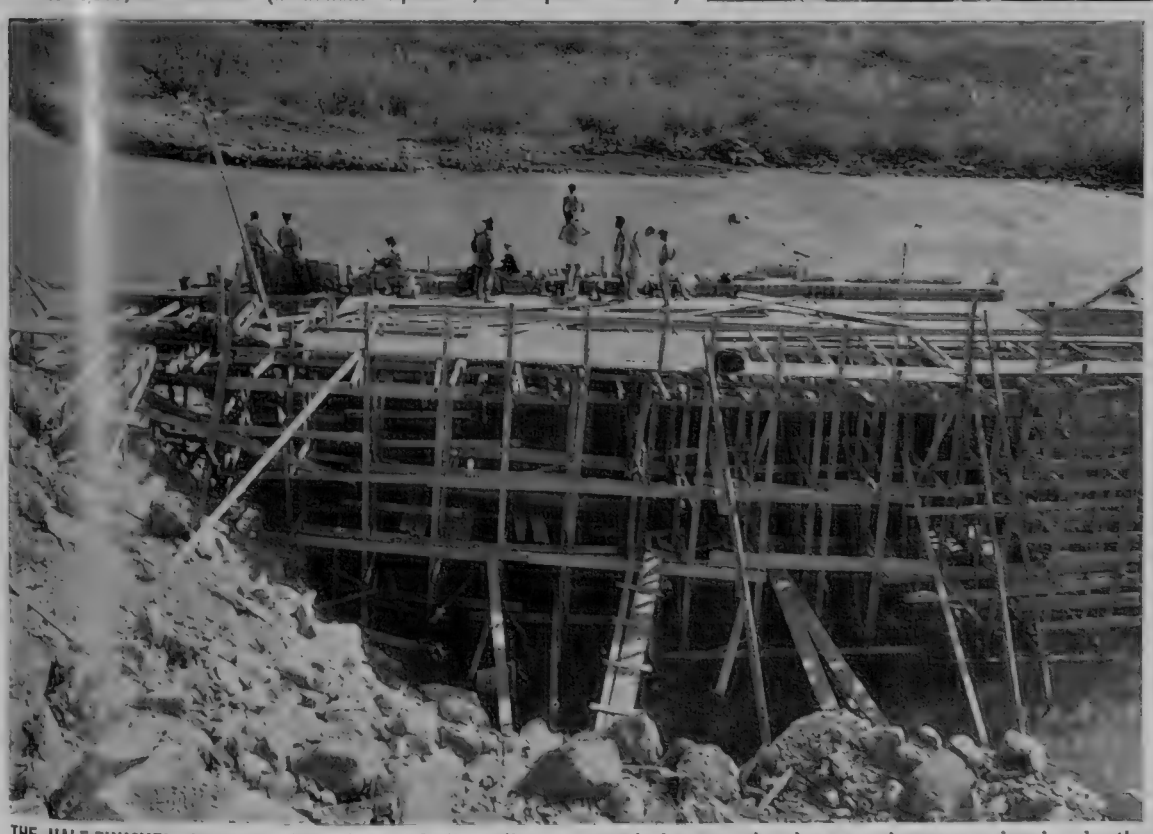
Since the establishment of the State of Israel, the country's

FISHING BY THE JORDAN DAM : Israeli police fish in the holy river during an off-duty moment. Because the dam lies in the demilitarised frontier zone, police, instead of troops, guard it.



A FIELD UNDER IRRIGATION : The area under irrigation in Israel has doubled since 1949. Eventually the Israelis hope to increase this to 4,000,000 dunams (a dunam equals 1,000 square metres).

AN OLIVE GROVE ON IRRIGATED LAND IN ISRAEL : Israel, in ancient times, once supported a population of 3,000,000. Now, with half that population in the same area, Israel has to import 50 per cent. of its food. With irrigation, they plan to make the desert blossom as it once did before, particularly in the Negev area.



THE HALF-FINISHED JORDAN DAM : Some of the police on guard duty at the dam can be seen swimming in the river. By working day and night for three weeks, the Israelis had almost completed the dam by the time the Syrians lodged their complaint with the Security Council. Work on other parts of the system continues.

outlook on irrigation has been entirely revolutionised. The current plan is the result of ten years' study on the part of Government experts, and according to expert estimates the projected water network will make the country more than self-sufficient agriculturally and provide the water requirements of a population of 4,000,000, more than double the present population. The total area under irrigation will be increased eightfold, to a total of 4,000,000 dunams (the dunam is 1,000 sq. metres). The irrigated area has already been increased from 230,000 to 550,000 dunams since 1949.

The central irrigation system will draw on the sources of the north and carry water through a central conduit to a main reservoir in Galilee, which will be formed by the damming of the Beth Natufa Valley and provide storage for 1,000,000,000,000 cubic metres of water. From here a canal will run across the Emek Jezreel (Valley of Jezreel), traverse the hills of Ephraim by tunnel, and continue southwards to a central point in the Northern Negev, from where water will be distributed by secondary pipelines to various parts of the territory. The central irrigation system will be supplemented by the Yarkon-Negev Canals.

In addition, storage reservoirs for collecting winter rain and flood-waters are to be constructed at various points throughout the country. In the future, a chain of artificial lakes may be created changing the landscape of the country.

Construction of the entire central irrigation system is scheduled for completion in about fifteen years, but many sections of the system, notably the branch systems and most of the regional projects, should be in operation within the next five years.

LAYING A PIPELINE TO THE NEGEV DESERT : Workers cover a section of the Yarkon-Negev pipeline, which will be the first part of Israel's water development to be completed. The first stage of covering the pipe is done manually to prevent it from being cracked before it is settled ; bulldozers finish off the job. The pipeline, consisting of two parallel 66-in. pipes, will take water from the Yarkon River south to the northernmost part of the Negev Desert, a distance of 96 kms. The pipeline is scheduled for completion by the spring of 1955.

"THE DUENNA"

Sheridan's Comic Operetta, Now at the Westminster Theatre, Has Been Set to New Music and Revived with Great Distinction

The revival of Sheridan's comic operetta *The Duenna*, now at the Westminster, would, as one critic put it, have pleased Sheridan himself. It is a gay and lively production and Sheridan's wit has lost none of its sparkle. But what distinguishes it considerably is the new music specially written for it by Julian Slade, a new composer who is only twenty-four.

In its day—it was first produced at Covent Garden in 1775—*The Duenna* scored as great a success as *The Beggar's Opera*; the present version has every chance of meeting the success of the first.

The play is set in Seville, and its plot is full of ramifications leading to ingenious situations. It centres on a young girl, Donna Louisa, whose father is determined to marry her off to a wealthy Jew from Portugal. Aided and abetted by her hideous duenna, she flees to her lover and the duenna is passed off to the Jew as the beautiful daughter.

All this is rather improbable but the piece is played with great verve and gaiety by this Bristol Old Vic company. Joyce Carey handles the duenna with great skill and Jane Wenham as Donna Louisa sings sweeter than the rest of the company, whose voices, however, are tuneful if not exactly great. Gerald Cross as the Jew and David Bird as the father gave excellent comedy performances. The production, by Lionel Harris, includes some stirring Spanish dancing by James Campbell and Corita Martell. But perhaps the star of the show (unseen) was composer Slade. A week later he repeated his triumph with a new musical, *Salad Days*.

A NOTABLE REVIVAL: Standing, left to right, in this scene from the revival of Sheridan's *The Duenna* at the Westminster Theatre are Desmond Ainsworth, Joan Plowright, Gerald Cross, David Bird, Joyce Carey, Denis Martin and Jane Wenham. In front are dancers Peter Darrell and Elizabeth West as Harlequin and Columbine.

WOOING THE DUENNA: Joyce Carey, suitably made up as the hideous duenna, sings at the spinet for Isaac Mendoza (Gerald Cross), who is in despair at the ugliness of what has been passed off before him as the beautiful daughter

HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE: *On left, above,* are dancers Peter Darrell and Elizabeth West, who serve to introduce the scenes. *On right, above,* is a scene in a convent garden. The "nun" on the left is Donna Clara (Joan Plowright), who also has run away from her father to marry the man of her choice and has taken temporary refuge with the nuns. Later, the couples are married by a friendly friar from next door.

LOVERS REUNITED: The two girls, both of whom have bolted from their fathers, finally meet up with their young men and marry them. Left to right they are: Don Antonio (Denis Martin), Donna Louisa (Jane Wenham), Donna Clara (Joan Plowright), and Don Ferdinand (Desmond Ainsworth.)

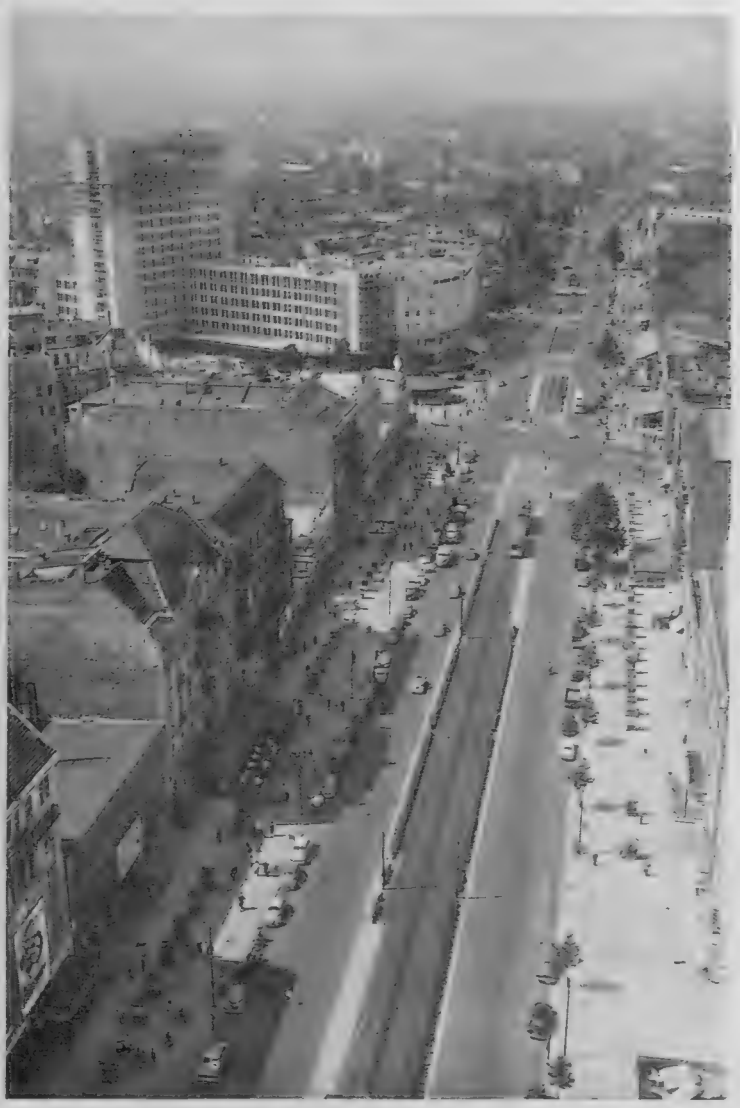
THE COMPOSER: Julian Slade, who is only twenty-four, wrote the very successful music for *The Duenna*. He is seen at a stage piano in the wings during a performance of the musical *Salad Days*, for which he wrote the music and part of the book as well.

Berlin Rebuilt

Four Views from the same Church in the Centre of West Berlin Show that Nine Years After the War the City still Bears its Scars

THE GAPS IN THE CENTRE OF BERLIN : The view to the south-east from the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche in the Western Sector, showing the Tauentzienstrasse.

It is over nine years since Berlin lay desolate and ruined at the feet of her conquerors, having been subjected to fierce bombardment from the air and equally bitter battles in her streets. To-day the visitor to the centre of the Western Zone of the German city will find well-filled shops, imposing business houses, gay cafes and luxurious hotels, and in the evening bright lights and laughter ; all that one could ask from a city of world importance. But this is slightly deceptive, for not all the ravages of war, physical and otherwise, have yet been made good. And the pictures on this page, all taken from the same spot, illustrate clearly how the desolate gaps still remain, and how the scars of battle have not yet healed entirely. The area around the Gedächtniskirche may be described as the heart of West Berlin. There is the Kurfürstendam, with its elegant shops and smart new buildings. The Tauentzienstrasse and Joachimstalerstrasse, rather less sure of themselves perhaps, with a few gaps among the new buildings. And the Tiergarten, Berlin's Zoo, with its green trees dominating the scene, brings colour to the grey ruins and empty bombed sites around it.



WEST BERLIN'S SHOPPING AND SOCIAL CENTRE ROLLED INTO ONE : Looking westward from the Gedächtniskirche down the Kurfürstendam. Here most of the scars of war appear to have healed. Smart shops, hotels and business houses have sprung up. The large building on the left, with scaffolding, will be the offices of an insurance company.

THE SCENE OF HEAVY FIGHTING NINE YEARS AGO : Many of the buildings around the Zoo Station still bear the marks of the heavy fighting for the Zoo bunkers in this area during the Battle of Berlin in 1945.

THE DESOLATE SPOTS AROUND THE TIERGARTEN : Another view from the Gedächtniskirche, showing a picture rather different from the smart new buildings on the Kurfürstendam. Around the pleasant trees of Berlin's beloved Tiergarten stand the shells of buildings which no one has attempted to repair. The ground-floor premises are being used as shops. The waste ground on right was once the site of a large block of flats.

DO'S AND DON'TS ON THE ROAD

The New Highway Code is a Readable Little Booklet which should do much to Promote Road Safety—It has None of "the Maddening Exhortations" of the Old Code

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THEY have made a good job of the new Highway Code. It is written in direct, simple English and is dressed up like a modern magazine. Unlike the 1946 edition it replaces, the new publication is a readable little booklet which should do much to promote road safety.

At a Press conference held in London on the day the draft Code was laid before Parliament, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport, said a special point had been made of cutting out what he called "the maddening exhortations" of the old Code.

Some people—and specially Mr. Edward Terrell, Recorder of Newbury—would have liked to see the new Code given the force of law. They wanted the Code to have "teeth," as they put it.

But the Minister has explained that after carefully considering the point, the Government came to the conclusion that it would be a misuse of the principle of delegated legislation; for it would have created a lot of new offences.

It is expected, however, that in its simpler, more precise form, the Code will be more frequently quoted in courts of law.

In a foreword, Mr. Lennox-Boyd describes the Code as a list of Do's and Don'ts for drivers, cyclists and pedestrians. If we all observed these do's and don'ts, the road casualties would fall with a rush.

When the Code has been approved by Parliament—and that is not likely to come about until the autumn because of the congestion of Parliamentary business—8,000,000 copies will be printed and offered for sale at a penny a time at bookshops, railway bookstalls and, it is hoped, in all Post Offices.

There will be no free distribution on a house-to-house basis as was done when the 1946 Code first appeared, but free copies will be issued to schools, driving-test candidates and other selected groups.

With its coloured diagrams and interesting make-up, the new Code is well worth reading. I will go further and say that it is the duty of every man, woman and child in the country to study it well.

I can pass naturally from consideration of the new Code to mention of a party held in London recently to celebrate an important milestone in the history of the British School of Motoring: completion of the training of its 1,000,000th pupil since the introduction of the driver's test.

As Mr. Lennox-Boyd mentioned at the celebration lunch, the school is one of the biggest of its kind in the world. It was founded in 1910—close on forty-five years ago—in the days (as Miss D. McCann, assistant managing director, remarked at the party) when "a motor-car was a novelty and driving one an adventure."

When the driving test was introduced in 1934 the B.S.M. had more than 100 branches up and down the country. Since the organisation was rebuilt after the last war eighty branches have been re-established.

It is the proud boast of the B.S.M. that in their entire experience, stretching across nearly half a century, they have been concerned with only one fatal accident; and even in that isolated case they were exonerated from blame.

They attribute this creditable immunity from serious accidents to their use of dual controls in all their instruction cars. Here's to the next million!

It was good advice the Duke of Edinburgh gave when he spoke at the Press lunch which followed the annual meeting of the Automobile Association. He drew motorists' attention to the old motto "Do as you would be done by."

The Duke, who is president of the A.A., was speaking about the careless, thoughtless parking of cars, but his motto can be usefully applied to many different aspects of motoring: overtaking, behaviour at zebra crossings, signals for following drivers, and so on.

People who park their cars at the side of busy main roads while they eat their picnic lunch, holding up the traffic stream, were described by the Duke as "potentially dangerous." This is one of the points specially covered in the new Highway Code.

Referring to the problems of congestion in urban areas, the Duke said towns and cities which do not tackle them soon will find themselves in "very serious trouble" before long. If we allowed this problem to run away with us it would "clog the works completely."

To those who shy at the prospect of big expenditure on underground car-parks and the like, the Duke said the problem itself is expensive.

The A.A. committee reported another year of successful work on behalf of the motoring community and stated that the membership had now reached a figure of 1,468,906. On May 7, this year, A.A. membership stood at 1,400,000, so nearly 69,000 motorists had joined in eight *weeks*. It took eight *years* for the Association to achieve a membership of 65,000 by 1913.

Radio control of breakdown vehicles at night and road patrols by day was introduced by the A.A. to four more important areas—Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham and Bristol—in time for the August Bank Holiday week-end. In doing this they were ahead of their own schedule.

This development increases to eight the number of centres now "covered" by radio, the others being London, Birmingham, Leeds and Glasgow.

A NEW CAR ENTERS INTO ROYAL SERVICE: This is the 8-cylinder Phantom IV Rolls-Royce, with limousine coachwork by Mulliner, which has just been delivered to Princess Margaret. A description of the car is included in the accompanying notes.

A surgeon has been writing in the *British Medical Journal* about car dashboards, which he says are dangerous. There are many who will agree with him. Others will be inclined to say "For goodness sake!"—or something much more explosive—"If you want 100 per cent. safety, why not stop at home?"

The surgeon—Mr. I. S. Smillie—said there was something wrong with car design when a man could, in the event of a collision, break his kneecap on the edge of the dashboard or smash his leg on the parcel tray underneath.

"Must the dashboard be rigid?" he asks. "Need it be studded with projecting knobs, switches and glass-faced dials to break the teeth and disfigure the face of a child when the driver brakes in an emergency?"

The remedy? Says Mr. Smillie: "Can't it be sprung or hydraulically mounted; or padded with rubber?" Designers, please note.

Did you read about the Leeds manufacturer who is "selling" cars to his workpeople for between 23s. and 25s. a week? It 's an enterprising move and he reports that more than twenty of his employees in the £12–£14 a week income bracket have already taken advantage of his offer.

Explaining the scheme, the employer—Mr. N. V. Watson, who makes cartons and playing cards—told a reporter: "The car becomes the man's property right away.

"He chooses his own make and if he doesn't like it he can either sell it, paying us the balance, or at the end of two years he can have another new model and start again."

You will be asking: "How can he possibly do it, even with a £400 saloon? Twenty-three shillings a week for two years comes to less than £120."

Mr. Watson explains that for bulk purchases of twenty-five or more cars he can get a trade discount, so that a £400 car costs only about £370. He speaks of a 20 per cent. depreciation allowance bringing the actual cost of the car down to £270, though I can't quite understand that part of the scheme.

After the worker has paid off £120 in two years, there remains an oustanding balance of £150. His car can then be traded in for a new one, a cash payment of £75 being involved, and the firm pays this.

So the worker starts the second two-year period owing his employer £225, which he reduces to £105 before taking delivery of his third car after another two years. At this rate he could clear his debt in eight or nine years.

From the purchase of small cars by easy payments let us turn to that aristocrat of motor cars, the Rolls-Royce. An 8-cylinder Phantom IV with limousine coachwork by Mulliner has just been delivered to Princess Margaret. All windows are electrically operated and can be raised or lowered from the driving position or by switches below the windows themselves. A glass roof panel over the rear compartment may be conceal[ed] by an electrically operated shutter.

There is a trap door in the roof [of] the front compartment through whi[ch] a mast can be projected when needed and the heating and ventilati[on] arrangements have been given speci[al] attention.

CHAMPAGNE IN THE ROCHESTER CUP: The Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Chavasse, holds the cup while it is filled with champagne for W. J. Whitehouse (Connaught), the winner of the Rochester Cup Race. This was one of several events at the International Trophy Meeting at Brands Hatch, Kent, on August Bank Holiday Monday; the race was started by the Bishop.

Still on the subject of Rolls-Royces . . . there were a hundred on view in Kensington Gardens the other day when the 20-Ghost Club staged another concours d'élégance. The oldest model on view was a 1907 Phaeton; the newest a 1954 Silver Dawn.

In the first six months of 1954 British manufacturers built 380,000 cars—an all-time record and 100,000 more than in the first six months of 1953. The industry maintained an output rate of one car every eleven seconds of the working day.

No fewer than 188,000 cars were shipped abroad during the six months—34,400 more than in the first half of last year. The statistical branch of the Society of Motor Manufacturers has been busy and they report that if the British cars exported in the first six months of 1954 were placed bumper to bumper in a straight line they would stretch from London to Geneva.

It shows what a big corner of the car ferry market Silver City Airways have captured from the shipping companies when I tell you they recently exceeded 200 flights in a day for the first time. The actual number was 222 and 108 of them started or ended at the firm's new airport—Ferryfield, near Dungeness.

During the day they carried 500 cars and 2,500 people. That is seven times more cars than the total for the whole of their first year in 1948.

One of the interesting points about Silver City Airways is that only about three cars and a few motor cycles can be carried on each flight, so that the Customs and other formalities are concluded in a few minutes. From boarding the aircraft to driving away from Le Touquet takes about one hour.

A BANK HOLIDAY ATTRACTION AT CRYSTAL PALACE: Away to a good start goes car No. 26, a Cooper-Bristol (at left), driven by T. A. D. Crook, the eventual winner of the race for non-supercharged sports cars not exceeding 2,000 cc. The other car just crossing the line is a Tojeiro, driven by F. C. Davis.

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DEMONSTRATIONS IN DELHI

AND A GENERAL SURVEY OF EVENTS IN ENGLAND, GERMANY, AUSTRALIA AND FRANCE

PABLO PICASSO DISCOURSES ON BULL-FIGHTING : The much-discussed painter, who will be seventy-three this year, is seen talking with Pierrette Le Bordiec (on right), a French bull-fighter, at Vallauris, in France. Picasso is standing in front of a large poster of his own design advertising a bull-fight at which Mlle Bordiec appeared.

DEMONSTRATORS URGE THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT TO "FREE GOA" : These agitators are seen clustered in the road in front of the Portuguese Legation in Delhi, and the demonstration took place as a result of a Portuguese protest over seizure of some of their possessions in Goa. Britain, Belgium, the Holy See, Italy and Brazil have also sent notes to the Indian Government protesting at its attitude. For some time there have been minor revolutions in the Portuguese possessions or enclaves along the Goan coast. One of the latest incidents concerned the village of Naroli, in the enclave of Nagar Aveli, when according to an Indian source, a party of fifty men stormed the village : twelve Portuguese policemen fired at them twice, but after a short tussle surrendered their arms. There were no casualties, and by mid-day on the day of the attack, a new council had been set up. It would appear that the majority of Goans have no wish to assume Indian nationality.

PLOUGHING UP THE STRAND : A "Keiller" Plough rips up wooden road-blocks during the extensive repairs now being carried out in the Strand from the Law Courts to St. Mary le Strand church. The repairs are part of the Westminster Council's scheme for replacing the blocks with skid-resisting asphalt, which gives a much safer surface in wet weather.

A METEOR JET FIGHTER IS HANDED BACK FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE OF GERMANY : The two engines and the centre section of the wings, together with many other parts, are seen being carried across the frontier at Helmstedt. German officials are standing by. The Meteor ran out of fuel while on a training flight last month and the pilots were forced to make an emergency landing in the Soviet Zone. They were returned some time before their aircraft, and said that they had been well treated by the Soviet authorities.

A DANGEROUS MOMENT FOR AUSTRALIAN RACING FANS : This picture was taken during the Port Adelaide Steeplechase, at the Cheltenham Track, Adelaide. Lucky Silver, horse number 7, who had lost his rider at the second fence, is seen pushing Silpact into the rails at the third fence. The spectators lurch backwards as they anticipate the impact of the horse against the rails.

A COLT BY HYPERION SAILS FOR AMERICA : The racehorse Rosina is seen with her colt, sired by Hyperion, on board the Cunard ship *Andria* at London Docks, before leaving for America. The *Andria*, for this voyage, bore some resemblance to a Noah's Ark, because, as well as the two horses, she carried a number of wild animals, including snakes and zebras.

The World of Books

NORMAN DOUGLAS SYMPOSIUM

Nancy Cunard Gathers Together the Threads of a Happy Relationship; Nelia Gardner White's Fine Novel of Small-town Life

ONE of Norman Douglas' many friends described him as a mixture of Roman Emperor and Roman cab-driver. That was possibly a shrewd enough summing up to deserve repetition, but undoubtedly it is difficult to fit the character and quality of this distinguished man of letters into any particular period, least of all the time in which he lived. Nancy Cunard, who knew Douglas so well, has attempted with the help of friends to produce a balanced estimate of this congenial sage, but has firmly discarded the idea of a biography. She calls her book GRAND MAN: MEMORIES OF NORMAN DOUGLAS (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), and Kenneth Macpherson, Harold Acton, Arthur Johnson, Charles Duff and Victor Cunard have joined with her in making assessments of the man they knew and admired so deeply. But this is no mere chorus of praise. One really feels that Nancy Cunard and her co-authors are really answering, each in his or her own way, the question, "What image arises at the mention of Norman Douglas?" Nancy Cunard feels that Douglas the humanist is the man she remembers best now that she begins to think of this great writer and individualist in perspective. She declares, too, that all her reminiscing seems to be somehow or other connected with the sound of his voice; "for therein lay so much of his personality." Nancy Cunard has many good stories to tell of Douglas, one in particular regarding his affected brusqueness and his occasional pleasure in shocking people:—In reply to an acquaintance who declared after a meal together, "Do let me pay the bill this time," Norman declared. "I hate things grudgingly given." While eyebrows rose in surprise at this sudden gust, "the kind that tears off one's hat on a calm day," Norman concluded his sentence, "What I say is, all or nothing. Go on, keep me entirely!"

Harold Acton, one of the contributors to this symposium, writes a pleasant chapter recalling, among other things, his first encounter with Norman. They met in a Florentine restaurant—the now extinct Betti's—and the host transformed it from a commonplace mid-day meal into a rollicking Illyrian feast. "Each of my books," he told Harold Acton, "has ripened under the warm rays of some temporary attachment. Unless I am in love I have little or no impulse to write." Kenneth Macpherson in his contribution tells of a summer day in Capri, "a hot blue morning, the sky cloudless, the rocks as bright as light" and pyjama-clad Norman belatedly welcoming the new day with a crash of green shutters as he steps out on to the balcony to survey the Mediterranean scene. These many and varied memories of Norman Douglas, not all of them important but all of them revealing, certainly add up to something more than biography. They recall a truly Grand Man in a wonderfully personal way.

I think you will like Miss Ann Pilchard, town nurse for Old Wickham. She has an old-fashioned way about her; she is a Christian, a practical Christian. There is hardly anyone in the old town to whom she has not given a helping hand at some time or other; she is unusual, she is lovable and plump, at one and the same time there is something jolly and silly about her, and when in her kitchen she sings "Oh, glory be to God for milkweed, all honour unto Him for pasture corners and scrubby fields" we know that somehow or other it is all just for the exuberance of living, because she has a sense of language, because life is good and the Lord's design is marvellous. In fact, in Nelia Gardner White's THE SPARE ROOM (Constable. 10s. 6d.) it may be that you will not care overmuch for any other character, but you will surely delight in Ann Pilchard. Into Ann's kitchen comes a young man whose car has given up the ghost. Inevitably he stays and inevitably he becomes the talk of the town, and so does she; but Ann can laugh these things off. She is middle-aged, she has lived among the people of Old Wickham as a child, and even if she has not put away childish things there is something mature in her sense of humour. This is a book about a small town, although somehow or other there is nothing small about it, for Miss Pilchard is there with her abounding faith and her faith in wonder. When she is around no one gives up.

Rachel Trickett won much praise for her first novel *The Return Home*, which brought her the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize for 1953. Now she follows it up with THE COURSE OF LOVE (Constable. 13s. 6d.), a quiet uneventful book, and in some ways a maddening one. The three main characters are Stephen Henderson, lecturer in a university, Laura Dennis, a woman of means who classifies pictures in art galleries, and Delia Gorringe (also with means), who does little except, perhaps, be a woman's idea of what a man is held to deem glamorous. Stephen and Laura have a somewhat coy affaire at Avignon, a most discreet affaire to be sure, and all three of them discuss at length their rather tepid emotions. They do it, indeed, for over 300 pages, and somehow they seem to make *The Course of Love* both long and arduous.

Warren Tute has written an enchanting book about a young girl's determination to be an actress. He calls it GIRL IN THE LIMELIGHT (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), and his heroine, Sally, succeeds because she has determination, luck, and shrewdness—in that order. The author must have met and known quite a few of those warm-hearted, jealous and often childish people of the theatre. His description of the middle-aged stars fighting to retain their popularity in the face of advancing years and the advance of youth, and the hollowness of domestic life in the world of the theatre, is excellently well done. The most dominant character in the whole book has nothing to do with the theatre—but he is an artist, a gay cartoonist living by himself in an infinitely disordered studio amid a muddle of empty tins, yesterday's washing-up, and a welter of wine-bottles. Despite all this disorder his mind is ice clear. He has a loathing for sentimentality; he helps without interfering and he fades out before the "happy ending." One is left wondering whether Warren Tute wrote this book with his tongue in his cheek; or perhaps he was born a kindly cynic.

TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH UNDER WATER: This is one of the many illustrations (some of which are in colour) from *Treasure Diving Holidays* (Collins. 18s.), the underwater adventures of Jane and Barney Crile and their family. The story stretches across twenty years from the time when Dr. and Mrs. Crile decided to build a diving hood, until the whole family of six were engaged in exploring the secrets of the sea.

On right—

OFF ON A DAY'S SPORT: Dr. and Mrs. Crile and their four children ready to start out on a day's treasure hunt along the coast of Florida. They wear long, black ballet tights and bright yellow, long-sleeved jerseys, as a protection from the tropical sun above, and the sharpness of the coral beneath. The rubber raft is used for carrying equipment.

George Orwell, acid commentator upon our civilisation, now receives the honour of a uniform edition. KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) has a worthy place in this new series, and we can delight once again in the problems of Gordon Comstock, the solitary young man with an urge to write, whose lot it is to be a part-time bookshop assistant, thus gaining leisure for writing, but who is compelled to lie down under the arbitrary judgments of Mrs. Penn, who feels that Hugh Walpole is the ultimate in literary distinction, and Mrs. Weaver, who finds that Ethel M. Dell satisfies all her spiritual needs. Gordon is an unhappy, deeply sensitive character, fighting a long and lonely war against life, and for ever pondering on the evils of commercial civilisation. Modern advertising is his *bête noire*, an outcome of the fact that at one time he slaved in an advertising agency. From his bookshop Gordon looks out with jaundiced eye on the ad. posters, hating them with a deep hatred. That Vitamalt one, for instance, "Hike all day on a slab of Vitamalt!" A youthful couple in clean-minded hiking kit, their hair picturesquely tousled by the wind, is seen climbing a stile in a Sussex landscape. These are things which really enrage Gordon, not least "that girl's face. The awful bright tomboy cheeriness of it." *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* was written in the 'thirties. It is still a vital commentary. It concludes with Gordon's discovery of the middle-class pleasures of a home, with his discontents dwindling away despite the fact that he is thirty, self-confessedly moth-eaten, and, believe it or not, now the golden boy of an advertising agency.

Novels with the colour bar as their theme have been popular since the days of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Authors obviously welcome their clear-cut challenge, and just lately there has been a spate of them. Standing out on its own, because of its considerable narrative power, is Ann Petry's THE NARROWS (Gollancz. 15s.). This is a long novel of over 400 pages. The setting is the negro quarter down by the River Wye, in the small Connecticut town of Monmouth, and the central figure is Link Williams, the young negro barman who works at The Last Chance Saloon and whose chance it is to meet and fall in love with Camilo, heiress to the Treadway millions. Mapped out on a large scale, this novel is full of fascinating and varied personalities.

Professor J. R. R. Tolkien has invented a world of his own, the world of the Hobbits, and he has invested them with a folk-lore and a supernatural natural history of their own. It is an ambitious project that he now embarks on—no less than a trilogy called *The Lord of the Rings*, and the first volume of this is now published under the title of THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING (Allen and Unwin. 21s.). Here an heroic romance which will certainly make a stron appeal in some directions, but it seems doubtful many readers will wish to immerse themselves in trilogy upon the Hobbits. Professor Tolkien's wo has a scholar's wit, and it has a certain ageless appe about it, but I personally find it hard to enthuse ov *The Fellowship of the Ring*.

Here are two to add to your list of thrillers, Jo Creasey's A BEAUTY FOR INSPECTOR WEST and Jo Appleby's VENICE PRESERVE ME. (Both are publish by Hodder and Stoughton at 10s. 6d.) The lat outpouring of the Creasey genius in crime narrati centres round the apparently motiveless murder o Beauty Queen, and the problem of solution is furth exacerbated by the presence of cocksure Inspect Turnbull, who thinks he has the answer, until We steps in in characteristic fashion. John Appleby certainly a master of suspense. His heroine, An Morton, goes to Venice hoping to tramp the bridges, and palaces on her own and to enjoy the spring sunshine. I Miss Bingham, a fr elderly resident at t same hotel, who noti a startling resemblance between Anne and the girl who had been murdered there a year ago. Now read on. . . .

Cadillacs, speedboats, and gang life in the Miami playground of American wealth provide the background for T. S. Strachan's KEY MAJOR (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.). The author adds a spice of Corsican banditry to his invigorating tale of the Florida coast. Here are 200 pages of real holiday reading by one of the best of the contemporary American purveyors of light fiction.

Three books of adventure command attention this week, Klaas Toxopeus, captain of a Dutch lifeboat, has written a really admirable personal narrative under the title WILD WATER (Gollancz. 15s.). Every time it is something new and something different, says the skipper, in this account of his work, whether it be upon the Borkum reef, the Born reef, or the dangerous Lauwers banks. This is a very gallant story, and Admiral Lord Mountevans, appends an appropriately enthusiastic introduction. TREASURE DIVING HOLIDAYS (Collins. 18s.) is by Jane and Barney Crile, who tell of their underwater adventures with the rest of the family, diving for treasure on the Spanish Main. This is really an astonishing family, and the sea has yielded up to them a whole host of secrets. They found on one holiday great tusks of ivory from a slave ship, the cannon of a British man-of-war that sailed for George II against the Spaniards, the feeding-bowls of slaves, and old wine-bottles from the Rhineland. This is a book well calculated to start other families on the same sort of adventuring. Finally, a word in praise of Howard Clewes' THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS (Macmillan. 15s.). This is the memoir of a journey across South America, a journey made for the sheer love of travel. It is urbanely humorous, and includes some really grand photographs from Inca country.

Richard Edmonds

GAYEST Magazine for HOLIDAY READING

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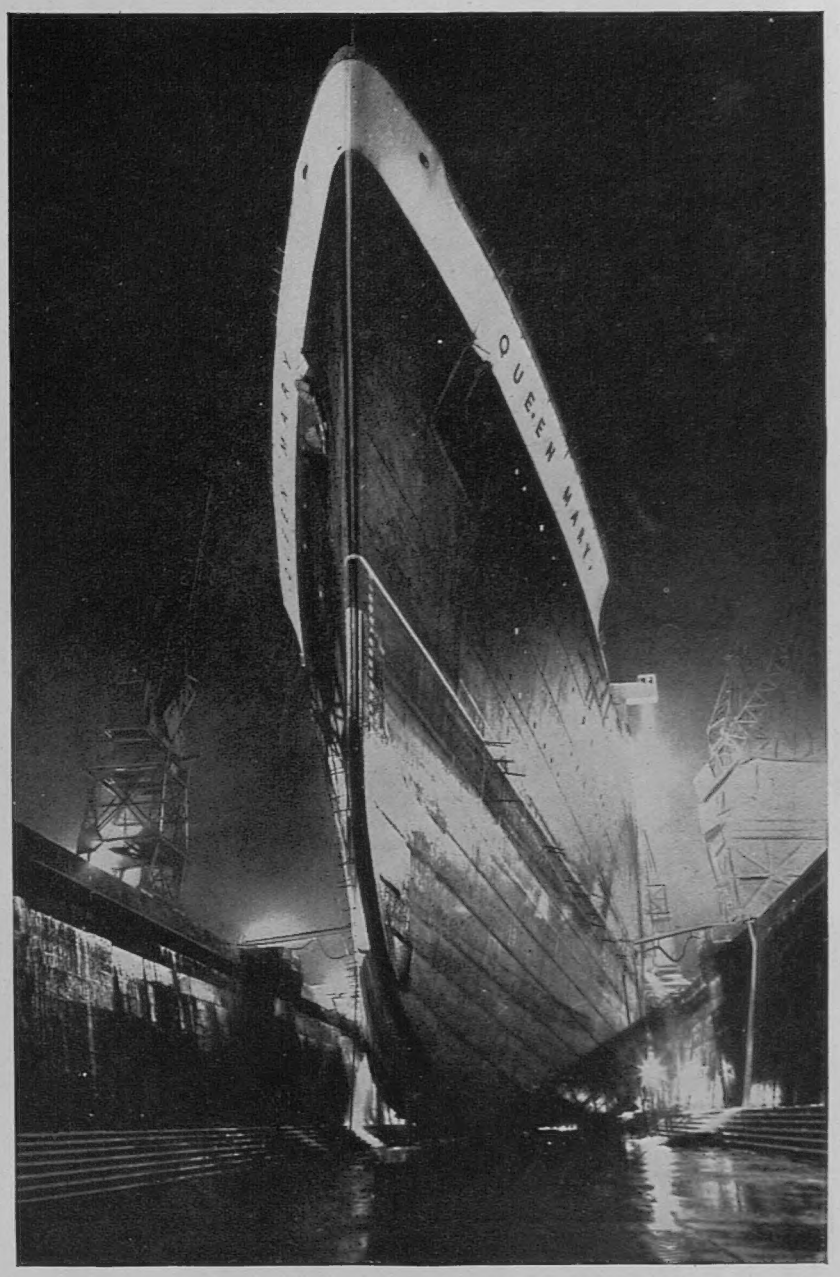

The World famous Cunard liner QUEEN MARY undergoing overhaul at Southampton.
Photo by courtesy of The Cunard Steam-ship Co. Ltd

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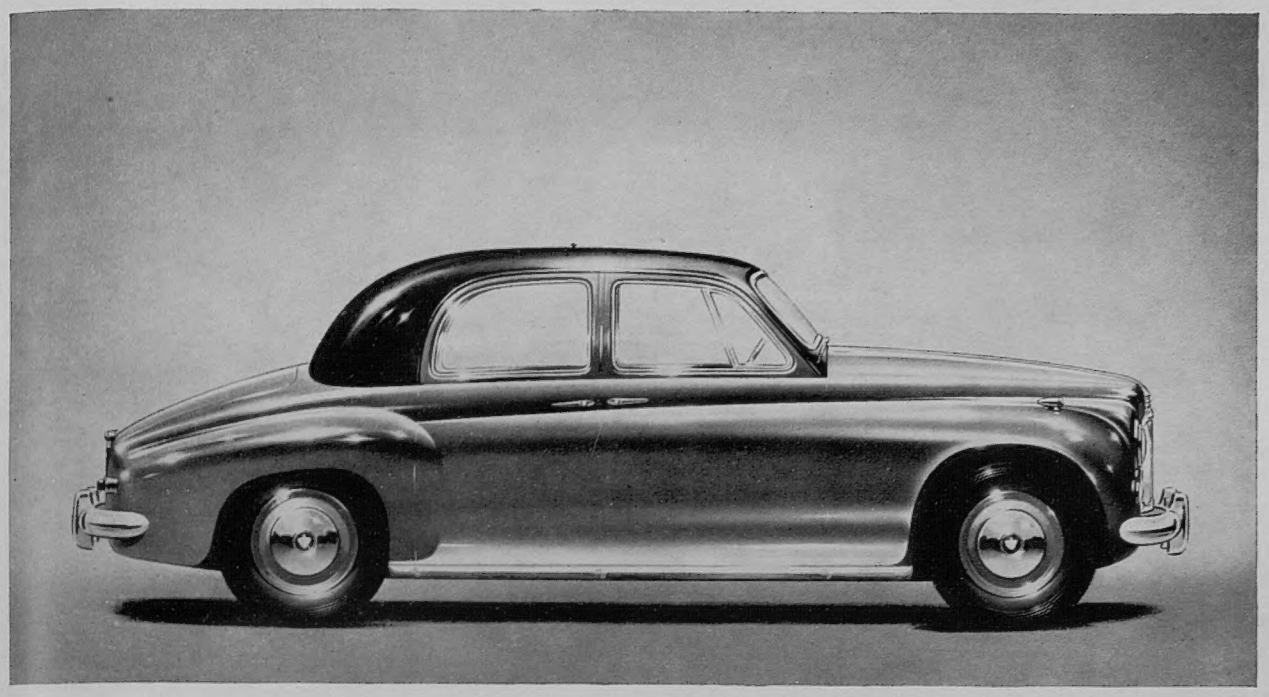

Illustration shows duo-tone finish available at small extra cost.

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